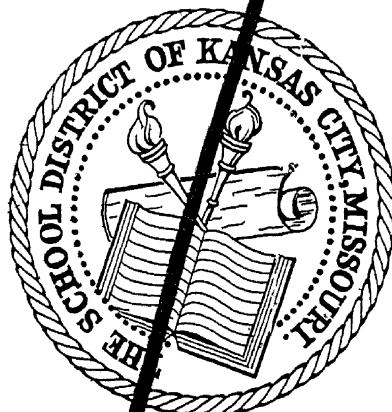


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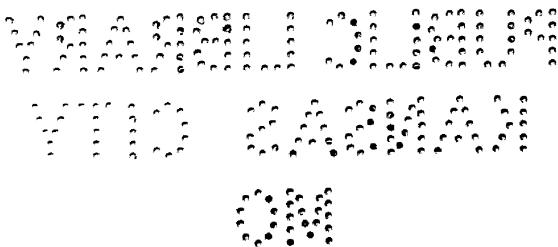
OF

# The New Shakspeare Society

BY

H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD,

ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.



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# ROMEO AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q<sub>1</sub>) 1597—Q<sub>2</sub>, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

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## INTRODUCTION.



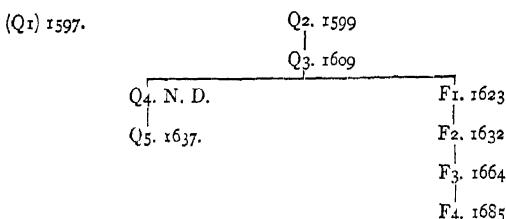
IN laying this work before the New Shakspere Society I wish it to be distinctly understood that I claim no credit for originality either of plan or execution.

The plan was suggested by Mr James Spedding, the Editor of Bacon's Works; and at Mr Furnivall's instance I undertook the work, which had indeed been already carried out, for German students, by Professor Tycho Mommsen in his parallel-text edition of the first two quartos of this play, published at Oldenburgh, in 1859. For the execution of it I am mainly indebted to the thorough and independent collations of the early texts contained in Professor Mommsen's book, and in the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' edited by Messrs W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Without the assistance afforded me by these important works I could not, or certainly would not, have engaged in this task; with it I have been enabled to compile a work which I believe will be found to be useful to the Shaksperian student.

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspere's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q<sub>3</sub> and Ff. in printing *honour* for *humour*; but the obvious blunder of F<sub>1</sub>, Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing *so well* for *not well* is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, *so ill*. So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, *bedawde* (for *bedawde*) of Q<sub>4</sub> accounts for *bedeaw'd* of Q<sub>5</sub>, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of

the text. In saying this I must not be understood as casting a slur on the German and Cambridge editions; on the contrary, their editors in their minute collation of errors have done most excellent and invaluable work. They have accumulated decisive evidence as to the chronology of the old copies. That end however being attained, and the order and origin of each Quarto and Folio being finally determined, it would have been a waste of space and, worse, a hindrance, to encumber these pages with material which, having served its purpose, may now once for all be cast aside.

The dates and pedigree of the several Quartos and Folios are as here set out.



The title-pages of Q3, 4, and 5 are as follows:—

Q3. THE | MOST EX-CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | *Romeo and Juliet*. | As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, | by the KINGs Maiesties Seruants | at the Globe. | Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: | [Printer's (?) Device. *Rose and Crown.*] LONDON | Printed for IOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be sold | at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, | in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. | 1609.

Q4. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie, | of ROMEO and | IULIET. | As it hath beene sundrie times publikely Acted, | by the KINGs Maiesties Seruants | at the GLOBE. | *Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended.* | [Smethwick's Device. A *smeath* holding in its bill a scroll inscribed *Wick*. The motto, *Non altum peto. I. S.*] LONDON, | Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in | Saint Dunstanes Churchyard, in Fleetestreete | vnder the Dyall.

[Note. 'It is a curious fact that after some copies of the undated edition had been published, having Shakespeare's name on the title-page, that name was omitted in the copies which were subsequently issued.'—HALLIWELL.

'Its title-page bears for the first time the name of the author. After the word "Globe" and in a separate line we find the words: "Written by W. Shakespeare."—CAM. EDD.

The copy in the British Museum (Press Mark, C. 34. k. 56) is without the author's name. It is conjecturally dated, in the catalogue, '[1607]' and is probably the 'quarto in 1607' mentioned by Knight.—ED.]

Q5. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie | of Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath been sundry times publikely Acted | by the KINGS Majesties Servants | at the *Globe*. | Written by *W. Shake-speare*. | *Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.* | [Smethwick's Device.] LONDON, | Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwick*, and are to be sold at | his Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet street, | under the Dyall. 1637.

A hasty and separate perusal of (Q1) may leave the reader with the impression that it represents an earlier play than that given in the subsequent editions; read line for line with Q2 its true character soon becomes apparent. It is an edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. Q2 gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play. Still (Q1) is of great value as it affords the means of correcting many errors which had crept into the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive evidence that that 'copy' underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely re-written. This opinion is the result of my own independent investigations; but I do not put it forward as an original theory: I am happy to say that it places me in more or less close agreement with Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, etc., to whose notes I refer the reader. As however the study of this question, on which great diversity of opinion has been entertained, may perhaps be facilitated by pointing out the evidences contained in the parallel texts which led me to the opinion expressed above, I have here set them forth as briefly as possible under their several headings.

TRUE REPRESENTATION IN (Q1) OF PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL PLAY.

Act I. Sc. i. lines 153—214. The Dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio is line for line and almost word for word the same in both quartos. So again nearly the whole of Act I. Sc. ii. between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet's servant and Romeo and Benvolio. Act I. Sc. iii. Juliet, her mother, and the Nurse; the first 28 lines of this scene are absolutely identical in both quartos. Act I. Sc. iv. Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet's house; with the exception of some *omissions*, and the imperfect version of the Queen Mab speech, the two quartos are here again substantially identical. So again in Act I. Sc. v. from the entry of the guests to the end, allowing for omissions in (Q1) and evident revisions in Q2, both quartos are substantially identical. The same may be said for Act II. Sc. i. ii. the famous balcony scene; for Sc. iii. between Romeo and Friar Lawrence; and for the larger portion of Sc. iv. between Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo, the Nurse and her man Peter.

Act III. Sc. ii. The Nurse announces to Juliet the banishment of Romeo. The Nurse's speeches in this scene are substantially identical in both quartos. Act III. Sc. iii. Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. By far the greater portion of this scene as given in (Q1) is substantially identical with Q2. Act III. Sc. v. The parting of the

Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in (Q<sub>1</sub>).

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar's cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in Q<sub>2</sub>, are to be found in (Q<sub>1</sub>).

#### SHORTENED PASSAGES.

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince's speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio's account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in Q<sub>2</sub>, was in existence when (Q<sub>1</sub>) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in (Q<sub>1</sub>) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—‘While we [they] were enterchaunging thrusts and blows’—which (Q<sub>1</sub>) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo's melancholy humour, yet his remark—‘Black and portentous must this humour prove,’ etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in (Q<sub>1</sub>), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in Q<sub>2</sub>, with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. in the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet's description of Paris, lines 66—81, was certainly not *added* in Q<sub>2</sub>, therefore its non-appearance in (Q<sub>1</sub>) may fairly be set down as the result of *omission*.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of (Q<sub>1</sub>) in arranging it opposite that of Q<sub>2</sub> so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time (Q<sub>1</sub>) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

#### IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.

Compare in both Quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in (Q<sub>1</sub>) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that (Q<sub>1</sub>) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio's description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassage. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet's speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in Q<sub>2</sub>, more than twenty are found in (Q<sub>1</sub>); and one of the additional lines of Q<sub>2</sub>—‘Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ’—had been already given in (Q<sub>1</sub>) in Act II. Sc. v.)

Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.

Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q<sub>2</sub>. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo's soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q<sub>2</sub>.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married.

Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.

Act V. Sc. iii. l. 12—17. Paris' address before the tomb of Juliet.

The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q<sub>1</sub>) they must have been re-written for Q<sub>2</sub>.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE 'COPY' FROM WHICH Q<sub>2</sub> WAS PRINTED.

Proofs of this revision will be found throughout the Play; but here I shall content myself with giving two instances, the whole evidence for which will be found in the parallel texts, and which, as they admit of no doubt, will best serve the purpose of directing attention to this peculiarity of Q<sub>2</sub>. Act II. Sc. iii. lines 1—4. 'The grey eyde morne,' etc. Both quartos begin this scene with these four lines; but on comparison it will be seen that (Q<sub>1</sub>) has the better version: if, now, the reader will cast his eye higher up the page of Q<sub>2</sub> he will find a third version of these four lines inserted in the midst of Romeo's last speech in the preceding scene. How did it come there? Evidently this third version was intended by the author as a substitute for the inferior version that (by the carelessness of the transcriber) had got into the 'copy' prepared for the printer of Q<sub>2</sub>; it was written on the margin, or on a paper attached to it. By an oversight, however, the original lines in the 'copy' were not struck through; and by a blunder the printer misplaced the revision where we now see it.

Act III. Sc. iii. lines 38—45. The admirable confusion these lines present in Q<sub>2</sub> is here clearly the result of the revision of the 'copy' from which it was printed. The text of that copy must in the first instance have been identical with that presented by (Q<sub>1</sub>), which I here print in roman type, placing in the margin, in italics, the additions and revisions made on the 'copy' for Q<sub>2</sub>. I have also numbered the lines in the order it was intended they should appear.

1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips;	<i>blessing</i>
2. Who eu'en in pure and vestall modestie	
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.	3. Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

(5) Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.	5. This may flyes do, when I from this must flye,
6. They are freemen but	
I am banished.	7. And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?

In the first line *blessing* was properly substituted for *kisses*; lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his 'copy' and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 85, 87, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. *Q<sub>2</sub>* is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the 'Cambridge' and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printers' lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically.

(*Q<sub>1</sub>*), which is nearly one quarter less than *Q<sub>2</sub>*, ((*Q<sub>1</sub>*) has 2232 lines, including Prologue; *Q<sub>2</sub>*, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. *Q* stands for Quarto; *Qq.* for the agreement of *Q<sub>3</sub>*, 4, 5; *F* for Folio; *Ff.* for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of *Q<sub>2</sub>*. To save space where the difference between the text of *Q<sub>2</sub>* and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, 'maids.] [?] Ff. [!] *Q<sub>5</sub>*.' signifies that the Folios instead of a period have a note of interrogation after *maids* and *Q<sub>5</sub>* a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

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The Society is much indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosen's for the loan of his valuable facsimiles (Ashbee's) of the Quarto editions, the temporary possession of which has greatly facilitated my task.

P. A. DANIEL.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.



A N  
EXCELLENT  
conceited Tragedie  
O F  
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applaufe)  
plaide publiquely, by the right Ho-  
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*  
his Seruants.



LONDON,  
Printed by John Danter.

1597.

THE  
M O S T E X =  
cellent and lamentable  
Tragedie, of Romeo  
and *Juliet*.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and  
amended:*

As it hath bene fundry times publiquely acted, by the  
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine  
his Seruants.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to  
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1599.

## The Prologue.

**T**WO household Frends alike in dignitie,  
(In faire Verona, where we lay out Seene)  
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,  
VVhoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands uncleane.  
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,  
A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life :  
VVhoſe misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,  
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)

Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.  
The which if you with patient eares attend,  
VVhat here we want wee'l studie to amend.

# The Prologue.

This Prologue is omitted  
in the Folio editions.

Corus.

Chorus. Qq.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,  
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)

From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,  
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:

From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,  
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:  
whoſe misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,

Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.

The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,  
And the continuance of their Parents rage:

which but their childdens end nought could remoue:

Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.

The which if you with patient eares attend,  
what heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtrive to mend.

14. heare] here Qq.

A 2

The most excellent Tragedie of  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

[In this column the beginning of each page of the original edition of (Q<sub>2</sub>) is marked with an asterisk.]

*Enter 2. Seruинг-men of the Capolets.*

I. 1

**G** Regorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you shoulde be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the  
 the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the houfe of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand  
 to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't  
 runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take  
 the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes  
 to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the  
 wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt  
 see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou  
 wouldest be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &  
 off with their heads.

4

8

12

16

20

• The

# THE MOST EX- cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet.

I. I.

Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the house of Capulet.

**S**amp. Gregorie, on my word weeble not carrie Coles.  
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weeble draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.

Grego. To moue is to sturre, and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mountagues.

Grego. That shewes thee a weake slau, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessells are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

A 3

Grego. The

[THE TRAGEDIE OF  
ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna  
Prima] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. on] A F1, 2, 3. a F4.

3. and] if Ff.

4. of choller] of the collar  
Q4, 5. (collar Q5.) o' th  
Collar Ff. (o' th' F3, 4.)13. a weake slau.] weak  
slave, F2, 3. weak, Slave,  
F4.15. Tis true] True Ff.  
weaker] weakest F3, 4.21. ciuil] ciuill Q3, Fr.  
ciuill F2. cruell Q4, 5.  
civil F3, 4.  
I will cut] and cut Ff.

\*      2 The heads of the maids?  
 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,  
 take it in what fence thou wilt.      24  
 2 Nay let them take it in fence that fcele it, but heere  
 comes two of the *Mountagues*.

*Enter two Seruvingmen of the Mountagues.*

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.  
 2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.  
 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our fide, let them begin  
 first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my  
 thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.      36  
 2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile  
 come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our fide?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?

*Enter Beneuolio.*

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

*Prince:*

24 *Grego.* The heads of the maides.

23. *maids.*] [?] Ff. [!] Q5.

*Samp.* I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it  
in what sence thou wilt.

26. *sense*] *in sense* Q4, 5,  
F2, 3, 4

25 *Greg.* They must take it sence that feele it.

28 *Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis  
knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

29 *Greg.* Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin  
poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mounta-  
gues*.

30. *Mountagues*] *the Mounta-  
gues* Ff.

*Enter two other seruing men.*

32 *Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

33. *How,*] [?] Ff.  
*backe*] [,] Fr. [,] F2.  
*runne?*] [,] Fr. 2.

*Greg.* How, turne thy backe and runne?

35. *thee.*] [!] Q5.

*Samp.* Feare me not.

36 *Greg.* No marrie, I feare thee.

39. *is*] *is a* Qq. Ff.

*Samp.* Let vs take the law of our fides, let them begin.

37 *Gre.* I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

38 *Samp.* Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which  
is disgrace to them if they beare it.

43. *of*] *on* Q5.

40 *Abram.* Do you bite your thumbe at vs fir?

41 *Samp.* I do bite my thumbe fir.

42 *Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

43 *Samp.* Is the law of our fide if I say I?

48. *sir,*] [?] Ff.

44 *Greg.* No.

49. *But if*] If Ff.

45 *Samp.* No fir, I do not bite my thumbe at you fir, but I bite  
my thumbe fir.

50. *better.*] [?] Ff.

46 *Greg.* Do you quarell fir?

53. *sir*] om. Ff.

47 *Abra.* Quarell fir, no fir.

55. *washing*] *swashing*  
Q4, 5.

48 *Sa.* But if you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a mā as you.

49 *Abra.* No better.

50 *Samp.* Well fir. *Enter Benuolio.*

53. *sir*] om. Ff.

51 *Greg.* Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

52 *Sam.* Yes better fir.

53 *Abra.* You lie.

54 *Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing  
blowe. *They fight.*

55. *washing*] *swashing*  
Q4, 5.

55 *Benuo.* Part fooles, put vp your swards, you know not what  
you do.

*Enter*

*Prince:* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from those bloody handes  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

80

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,  
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,  
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.

84

If euer you disturbance our streets againe,

Your

## Enter Tibalt.

60 *Tibalt.* What art thou drawne among these hartleffe hindes ?  
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

*Benuo.* I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy fword,  
or inanage it to part these men with me.

64 *Tib.* What drawne and talke of peace ? I hate the word,  
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee :  
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure *Citizens with Clubs or partysons.*

*Offi.* Clubs, Bils and Partifons, ftrike, beate them downe,  
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

68 *Capu.* What noyse is this ? give me my long fword hoe.

*Wife.* A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a fword ?

*Cap.* My fword I say, old *Mountague* is come,  
And florishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

72 *Mount.* Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

*M. Wife. 2.* Thou shalt not ftrir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

76 *Prince.* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,  
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele,  
Will they not heare ? what ho, you men, you beasts :

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,  
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines :

80 On paine of torture from thofe bloudie hands,  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And heare the fentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,

By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,

84 Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,

Cast by their graue befeeming ornaments,

To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

88 Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

63. *drawne*] draw Ff.

[Fight] Ff.

[or partysons] om. Ff.

69. *crowch*] crutch Ff. Q5.

70. *My*] A F4.

72. *Capulet, hold*] Capulet.  
Hold Ff. Capulet: hold  
Q5.

73. *M. Wife. 2.*] 2. Wife.  
Ff.  
one] a Ff.

79. *torture . . . hands.*  
Torture, . . . hands F1,  
2, 3, Q5. *torture, . . .*  
*hands.* Q4.  
those] these F2, 3, 4.

80. *mistempered*] mistem-  
per'd Ff. Q5.

82. *brawles*] Brawles Ff.

85. *Neronas*] Verona's Qq.  
Ff.

\* Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault :  
 For this time euery man depart in peace.  
 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,  
 And *Mouatague*, come you this after noone,  
 To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,  
 To old free Towne our common iudgement place,  
 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

93

96

*Exeunt.*

*M. wife.* Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach ?  
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

*Benuo.* Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,  
 And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

100

*VVife.* Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madame, an hourre before the worshipt funne  
 Peopt through the golden window of the East,  
 A troubled thought drew me from companie :  
 Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,  
 That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,  
 So early walking might I see your sonne.  
 I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,  
 And drew into the thicket of the wood :  
 I noting his affections by mine owne,  
 That most are busied when th're most alone,

112

116

120

Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

*Moun.*

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time all the rest depart away :  
 You *Capulet* shall go along with me,  
 And *Montague* come you this afternoone,  
 To know our farther pleasure in this case :  
 To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place :  
 Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt.*

*Mounta.* Who fet this auncient quarell new abroach ?  
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

*Ben.* Here were the feruants of your aduerarie  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,  
 I drew to part them, in the instant came  
 The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prearde,  
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,  
 He swoong about his head and cut the windes,  
 Who nothing hurt withall, hifh him in scorne :  
 While we were enterchaunging thrusfts and blowes,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

*Wife.* O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?  
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*Benuo.* Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,  
 Peerde forth the golden window of the East,  
 A troubled minde drove me to walke abroad,  
 Where vnderneath the groue of *Syramour*,  
 That Westward rooteth from this Citie side :  
 So early walking did I fee your sonne,  
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,  
 And stole into the couert of the wood,  
 I measuring his affections by my owne,  
 Which then most fought, where most might not be  
 Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found :  
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

*Mounta.* Many a morning hath he there bin feene,

94. *farther*] *Fathers* Q<sub>3</sub>,  
 F<sub>1, 2, 3</sub>. *Father's* F<sub>4</sub>,  
*further* Q<sub>5</sub>.

104. *swoong*] *swong* Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

110. *I am*] *am I* Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

113. *drive*] *drave* Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

114. *Syramour*] *sycamore*  
 Q<sub>5</sub>. *sycamour* F<sub>1</sub>.

120. *sought,*] [.] om. Q<sub>5</sub>.

123. *shunned*] *shunn'd* F<sub>1</sub>,  
 Q<sub>5</sub>.

*Moun.*: Black and portentious must this honor proue,  
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

*Ben.*: Why tell me Vnkle do you know the cause?

*Enter Romeo.*

*Moun.*: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

136

*Ben.*: See where he is, but stand you both aside,  
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

\* *Mount*: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay  
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

152

*Benuo*: Good morrow Cosen.

*Romeo*: Is the day so young?

*Ben.*: But new stroke nine.

*Romeo*: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

156

*Ben.*: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

*Rom.*:

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,  
 Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe fighes,  
 But all so foone, as the alcheering Sunne,  
 128 Should in the farthest East begin to draw,  
 The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,  
 Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,  
 And priuate in his Chamber peинnes himselfe,  
 132 Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,  
 And makes himselfe an artificiall night:  
 Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,  
 Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

*Ben.* My Noble Vnkle do you know the cause?  
*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learne of him.  
*Ben.* Haue you importunde him by any meanes?  
*Moun.* Both by my selfe and many other friends,  
 140 But he is owne affections counsellor,  
 Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)  
 But to himselfe so secret and so close,  
 So farre from sounding and discouerie,  
 144 As is the bud bit with an eniuious worme,  
 Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,  
 Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.  
 Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,  
 148 We would as willingly giue cure as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Benu.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,  
 Ille know his greeuance or be much denide.  
*Moun.* I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,  
 152 To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

*Exeunt.*

*Benuol.* Good morrow Coufin.  
*Romeo.* Is the day so young?  
*Ben.* But new strooke nine.  
 156 *Romeo.* Ay me, sad houres feeme long:  
 Was that my father that went hence so fast?  
*Ben.* It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

B

Rom. Not

125. mornings] morning  
 F3, 4.

127. alcheering] all cheering Qq. all-cheering Ff.

134. portendous] portentious  
 F2, 3, 4.

139. other] others F1.

140. is] his Qq. Ff.

	<i>Rom.</i> Not hauing that, which hauing makes them	
	<i>Ben.</i> In loue.	(short. 160)
	<i>Ro.</i> Out.	
	<i>Ben.</i> Of loue.	
	<i>Ro.</i> Out of her fauor where I am in loue.	
	<i>Ben.</i> Alas that loue so gentle in her view, Should be so tyrranous and rough in proofe.	164
	<i>Ro.</i> Alas that loue whose view is muffled still, Should without lawes give path-waies to our will : Where shall we dine ? Gods me, what fray was here ? Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,	168
	Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue, Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,	
	O anie thing, of nothing first create ! O heauie lightnes serious vanitie !	172
	Mishapen <i>Caos</i> of best seeming things, Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health, Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is : This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.	
	Doeft thou not laugh ?	176
	<i>Ben.</i> No Cofe I rather weepe.	
	<i>Rom.</i> Good hart at what ?	180
	<i>Ben.</i> At thy good hearts oppression.	
*	<i>Ro.</i> Why such is loues transgression, Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,	
	Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest With more of thine, this grieve that thou haft showne,	184
	Doth ad more grieve to too much of mine owne : Loue is a smoke rairede with the fume of fighes	
	Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes ;	188
	Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.	
	What is it else ? A madnes most discreet, A choking gall, and a preferuering sweet. Farewell Cofe.	
	<i>Ben.</i> Nay Ile goe along. And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.	192
	<i>Ro.</i>	

160 *Ro.* Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē short.

*Ben.* In loue.

*Rom.* Out.

*Ben.* Of loue.

*Rom.* Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

164 *Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,

Should be so tirannous and rough in prooef.

*Romeo.* Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes, fee pathwaiies to his will :

168 Where shall we dine ? ô me ! what fray was here ?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :

Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue :

Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,

172 *O* any thing of nothing first created :

*O* heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,

Mishapen Chaos of welfeeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,

176 Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,

Doeft thou not laugh ?

*Benu.* No Coze, I rather weepe.

180 *Rom.* Good hart at what ?

*Benu.* At thy good harts oppression.

*Romeo.* Why such is loues transgression :

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

184 Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast,

With more of thine, this loue that thou haft showne,

Doth ad more grieve, too too much of mine owne.

Loue is a smoke made with the fume of fighes,

188 Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,

Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else ? a madnesse, most disreete,

A choking gall, and a preferueng sweete :

192 Farewell my Coze.

*Ben.* Soft I will go along :

And if you leauue me so, you do me wrong.

160. *In loue.*] [?] Q5.

162. *Of loue.*] [?] Q5.

172. *created*] *create* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

174. *welseeing*] *welseem-ing* Q<sub>4</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *well seeming*  
Q<sub>5</sub>. *well-seeming* F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

183. *mine*] *my* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

184. *propogate*] *propagate*  
Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

186. *too too*] *to too* Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

187. *with*] *of* F<sub>4</sub>.

But

*Ro:* Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,  
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

195

*Ben:* Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?

*Ro:* What shall I grone and tell thee?

*Ben:* Why no, but sadly tell me who.

*Ro:* Bid a fickman in sadnes make his will.

200

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.

*Ben:* I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.

204

*Ro:* A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

*Ben:* A right faire marke faire Cose is fooneft hit.

*Ro:* But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,

208

And in strong prooфе of chaftitie well arm'd:

Gainft *Cupids* childifh bow she liues vnharm'd,

Shee'le not abide the fledge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

212

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store.

*Exeu.*

196 Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here, This is not <i>Romeo</i> , hees some other where.	195. <i>Tut</i> ] <i>But</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
197 Ben. Tell me in fadnesse, who is that you loue? Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?	199. <i>me who?</i> ] <i>me who:</i> Q <sub>4</sub> . <i>me who.</i> F <sub>1</sub> , 2, 3. Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>me, who.</i> F <sub>4</sub> .
200 Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who? Ro. A fiske man in fadnesse makes his will:	200. <i>A . . . makes</i> ] <i>Bid a . . . make</i> Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. <i>A . . . in good sadness makes</i> F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
204 A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill: In fadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.	201. <i>A word</i> ] <i>O, word</i> F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4. 204. <i>mark man</i> ] <i>marks-man</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
208 Ben. I aymde so neare, when I supposde you lou'd. Ro. A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.	208. <i>rich, in bewtie</i> ] <i>rich in beauty</i> , Q <sub>4</sub> . F <sub>1</sub> .
212 Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is fooneft hit. Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit	212. <i>rich, in bewtie</i> ] <i>rich in beauty</i> , Q <sub>4</sub> . F <sub>1</sub> .
With <i>Cupids</i> arrow, she hath <i>Dians</i> wit: And in stong prooфе of chaftitie well armd,	213. <i>rich, in bewtie</i> ] <i>rich in beauty</i> , Q <sub>4</sub> . F <sub>1</sub> .
From loues weak childiſh bow she liues vncharmd. Shee will not stay the fiege of louing tearmes,	216. <i>make</i> ] <i>makes</i> F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4. Q <sub>4</sub> , 5.
Nor bide th'incounter of affailing eies. Nor ope her lap to faintē seducing gold,	217. <i>steru'd</i> ] <i>staru'd</i> F <sub>4</sub> .
O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore, That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.	219. <i>is too</i> ] <i>is to</i> Q <sub>4</sub> . <i>wise, wisely</i> ] <i>wisewi: sely</i> F <sub>1</sub> . <i>wise wisely</i> F <sub>2</sub> .
Ben. The she hath sworn, that she wil stiſt liue chafte: Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waste:	220. <i>is too</i> ] <i>is to</i> Q <sub>4</sub> . <i>wise, wisely</i> ] <i>wisewi: sely</i> F <sub>1</sub> . <i>wise wisely</i> F <sub>2</sub> .
For bewtie steru'd with her feueritie, Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.	222. <i>These</i> ] <i>Those</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
She is too faire, too wife, wisely too faire, To merit blisse by making me dispaire:	223. <i>puts</i> ] <i>put</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow, Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.	224. <i>strooken</i> ] <i>strucken</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her. Ro. O teach me how I shoulde forget to thinke.	225. <i>put</i> ] <i>put</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes, Examine other bewties.	226. <i>strooken</i> ] <i>strucken</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in question more, These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,	227. <i>put</i> ] <i>put</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire: He that is strooken blind, cannot forget	228. <i>These</i> ] <i>Those</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.

*Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.*

I. 2.

\* Of honorable reckoning are they both,  
And pittie tis they liue at ods so long :  
But leauing that, what say you to my fute ?

4

*Capu:* What should I say more than I said before,  
My daughter is a stranger in the world,  
Shee hath not yet attaine to fourteene yeares :  
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,  
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

8

*Paris:* Younger than she are happie mothers made.  
*Cap:* But too soone marde are these so early maried :

12

But woe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,  
My word to her consent is but a part.

16

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,  
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,  
Such as I loue : yet you among the store,  
One more most welcome makes the number more.  
At my poore house you shall behold this night,  
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light :  
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,  
When well appairld Aprill on the heele  
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights  
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house, heare all, all fee,

20

24

28

And

232 The precious treasure of his eye-fight lost,  
 Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,  
 What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,  
 Where I may reade who past that passing faire:  
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

236 Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

I. 2. *Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,  
 In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,  
 For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

4 Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,  
 And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:  
 But now my Lord, what say you to my fute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,  
 8 My child is yet a straunger in the world,  
 Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,  
 Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,  
 Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

12 Pari. Younger then shee, are happie mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:  
 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but shee,  
 Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:  
 16 But woee her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,  
 My will to her consent, is but a part.

And shee agreed, within her scope of choise  
 Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:  
 20 This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,  
 Whereto I haue invited many a gueft:  
 Such as I loue, and you among the store,  
 One more, most welcome makes my number more:

24 At my poore house, looke to behold this night,  
 Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light:  
 Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,  
 When well appareld Aprill on the heele,  
 28 Of limping winter treads, euen such delight  
 Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:

And

ACT I. SCENE 2.

1. *But*] om. Q<sub>3</sub>, Ff. *And*  
 Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

14. *Earth*] *The earth*  
 Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. *Earth up* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.  
*swallowed* *swallow'd* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 15. *Shees*] *Shee's Fr.* *She*  
*is* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

18. *agreed*] *agree* Q<sub>o</sub>, Ff.

29. *fennell*] *Female* F<sub>2</sub>,  
 3, 4.

And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.  
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,  
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

32

*Enter Seruicingman.*

Where are you firra, goe trudge about  
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:  
Whose names are written here and to them say,  
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

36

*Exeunt.*

*Ser:* Seeke them out whose names are written here,  
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to  
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as  
the Taylor must meddle with his Laſte, the Shoomaker  
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher  
with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

40

*Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*

*Ben:* Tut man one fire burnes out another's burning,  
One paine is leſſned with another's anguish:  
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,  
One desperate griefe cures with another's languish.  
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,  
And the ranke poyſon of the old will die.

44

48

*Romeo:* Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

*Ben:* For what?

*Romeo:* For your broken ſhin.

52

*Ben:* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

*Rom:* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.  
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,  
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

56

*Ser:* Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read,

*Rom:* I mine owne fortune in my miferie.

*Ser:* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:  
but I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

60

*Rom:* I if I know the letters and the language.

*Seru:* Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.

*Rom:* Stay fellow I can read.

*He*

32 And like her most, whose merit most shall bee :  
 Which one more view, of many, mine being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckning none.  
 Come go with me, go firrah trudge about,  
 Through faire Verona, find those persons out,  
 36 Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
 My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

32. one more view,] (view  
 Q<sub>3</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.) on more view  
 Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

*Exit.*

40 *Seru.* Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laft, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

42. *here*] om. Ff.

*Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.*

44 *Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,  
 On paine is lesned by an others anguish,  
 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :  
 One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish :  
 48 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

44. *out,*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.

45. *On*] *One* Qq. Ff.

48. *thy eye*] *the eye* Qq. Ff.

*Romeo.* Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what I pray thee ?

52 *Romeo.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is :

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

56 Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

56. *Godden*] *Good-e'en* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read ?

57. *Godgigoden*] *God gi'*  
*Good-e'en* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

59. *learned*] *learn'd* Ff.

*Ser.* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :

60 But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

*Rom.* I if I know the letters and the language.

*Ser.* Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

*He reads the Letter.*

**S**eigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie  
Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of  
Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vncle Capu-  
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and  
Liulia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio  
and the liuelie Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come ?

*Ser:* Vp.

*Ro:* Whether to supper ?

*Ser:* To our houſe.

*Ro:* Whose house ?

*Ser:* My Maſters.

*Ro:* Indeed I iſhould haue askt thee that before.

*Ser:* Now il'e tel you without asking. My Maſter is  
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of  
*Montagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest

*Ben:* At this fame auncient feast of *Capulets*, [you merrie.  
Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou ſo loues :

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Goe thither and with vnaſtainted eye,

Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,

And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

*Ro:* When the deuout religion of mine eye  
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,  
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,  
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers  
One fairer than my loue, the all ſeeing ſonne  
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

*Ben:* Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,  
Her ſelfe poysd with her ſelfe in either eye :  
But in that Criftall ſcales let there be waide,  
Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide  
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this eaſt,  
And the ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

*Rom:* Ile goe along no ſuch fight to be ſhowne,

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

96

But

He reades the Letter.

64 *S*eigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselmē  
Sand his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur  
Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Va-  
lentine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece  
68 Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio  
and the liuely Hellenā.

A faire assenble, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

72 Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

76 Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great  
rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I  
pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

80 Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,

Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,

84 Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy fwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,  
Maintaines such falsehood, then turne teares to fier:

88 And these who often drownde, could neuer die,

Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,

Nere saw her match, sinc first the world begun.

92 Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,

Her selfe poyf with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladies loue against some other maide:

96 That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now feemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such fight to be showne,

64. daughters] daughter Ff.  
Anselmē] Anselme Qq.

Fr. 2. Anselm F3, 4.  
65. Viruui] Vitruvio  
F3, 4

72, 73. Whither to supper?  
Ser. To] Whither to  
supper. Ser? To Q3.  
Whither to supper. Ser.  
To Q4. Whither? to  
supper? Ser. To Ff. Q5.

[Exit.] Ff.

81. loves] louest F2, 3, 4,  
Q5.

90. love,] [?] Q3, 4. [:] Fr.  
[:] F2, 3, 4. Q5.

92. Tut] Tut Tut F2.  
Tut, tut F3, 4.

97. seemes] shewes Qq.  
Fr. 2. shews F3, 4.

But

\* But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.*

I. 3.

*VVife:* Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

*Nurce:* Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.

*VVher's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*

4

*Iuliet:* How now who cals?

*Nurce:* Your Mother.

*Iul:* Madame I am here, what is your will?

8

*VV:* This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

*Nurce:* Faith I can tell her age unto a houre.

12

*VVife:* Shee's not fourteeene.

*Nurce:* Ile lay fourteeene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteeene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

16

*VVife:* A fortnight and odde dayes.

*Nurce:* Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteeene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. *VVell Susan is with God, she was too good for me:* But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteeene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake noue eleauen yeaeres, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, setting in the sun under the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did tast the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and fince that time it is eleauen yeaere: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then

20

24

28

32

my husband God be with his

But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.*

*Wife.* Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,

*Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Iuliet.* How now who calls?

*Nur.* Your mother.

*Iuli.* Madam I am here, what is your will?

*Wife.* This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'ſe heare our counſel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

*Nurse.* Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

*Wife.* Shee's not fourteene.

*Nurse.* Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene.

*How long is it now to Lammas tide?*

*Wife.* A fortnight and odde dayes.

*Nurse.* Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. Susan and ſhe, God ref all Christian ſoules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid, on Lammas Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weaned Ineuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, ſitting in the fun under the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doo beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with the Dugge.

*Shake quoth the Doue-houſe,* twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand hy lone, nay byth roode ſhe could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with

his

30. a leuen] a eleven Fr.  
eleven F2, 3, 4, Q5.

hy lone] a lone Q3. alone

The rest.

31. byth] bi th Q3, 4. bi th'  
F1, 2, 3. byth Q5, F4.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

2. yeare] yeeres Q5. years  
F4

10. our] my F4.  
knowest] know'st Q5.

14. teene] teeth F2, 3, 4.

19. ſtat] ſhall Qq. Ff.

21. that] then Q4, 5.

24. of the] in the Q5, F3, 4.

his soule, hee was a merrie man :  
*Dost thou fall forward, Iuliet ? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit : wilt thou not Iuliet ? and by my holli-dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet ? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

36

*Iuliet* : And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

*Nurce* : *WWell goe thy waiies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurſt, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wiſh.*

48

*WVife* : And that fame marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you af-fected to be married ?

52

*Iul.* : It is an honor that I dreame not off.

*Nurce* : *An honor ! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadſt ſuſt wiſedome from thy Teat.*

56

*WVife* : Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris ſeekeſ thee for his Wife.

*Nurce* : *A man young Ladie, Ladie ſuch a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

64

*WVife* : *Veronaes Summer hath not ſuſt a flower.*

*Nurce* : *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

*WVife* :

36      *his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy dam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a ieast shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

40      Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

44      Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my w[i]sh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Juliet, How stands your dispositions to be married?

52      Juliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.

56      Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon these yeares 60      That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

64      Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,

35. *Jule*] Juliet F<sub>2</sub>, 3.  
*Juliet* F<sub>4</sub>

37. *and I should*] and I shall Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>1</sub>, 2.

38. *Jule*] Juliet F<sub>1</sub>, 2, 3.  
*Juliet* F<sub>4</sub>.

41. *upon*] on Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*it brow*] its brow F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

44. *Jule*] Juliet F<sub>2</sub>, 3. *Ju-*  
*lief* F<sub>4</sub>.

46. *stint thou*] stent thou F<sub>3</sub>. *stint thee* F<sub>4</sub>.

47. *too*] to F<sub>2,3,4</sub>, Q<sub>5</sub>.

51. *Juliet*] Juliet F<sub>2</sub>, 3.

52. *dispositions*] disposition F<sub>f</sub>.

53. *It is*] 'Tis F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

*houre*] hour F<sub>3,4</sub>

54. *houre*] hour F<sub>3,4</sub>

*thine*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

*say*] say that F<sub>3,4</sub>.

55. *wisdom*] thy wisedome Q<sub>4,5</sub>.

58. *mothers by my count*.]

([.] Q<sub>4</sub>, [:] Q<sub>5</sub>) *mothers*.

*By my count* F<sub>1</sub>. (*count*,

F<sub>2,4</sub>.)

62. *world*.] [.] Q<sub>3,5</sub> [—]  
F<sub>4</sub>.

68. *Paris*] Paris's F<sub>4</sub>.

And

[Enter Clowne] catch-word.

\*

*VVife*: Well *Juliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.  
*Juliet*: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,  
 But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,  
 Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

84

[Enter Clowne.]  
*Clowne*: *Maddam* you are *cald* for, *supper* is *readie*,  
*the Nurce* *curst* in *the Pantrie*, *all thinges* in *extreamitie*,  
*make hast* for *I must be gone to waite*.

88

*Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.*  
*Ro*: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?  
 Or shall we on without Apologie.

I. 4.

*Benuoleo*: The date is out of such prolixitie,  
 Weele haue no *Cupid* *hudwinckt* with a *Scarfe*,  
 Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,  
 Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:  
 Nor no without booke *Prologue* faintly spoke  
 After the *Prompter*, for our entrance.  
 But let them measure vs by what they will,  
 Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

4

*Rom*: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing

8

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,  
 Examine euery married liniament,  
 And see how one an other lends content.  
 72 And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,  
 Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.  
 This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,  
 To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.

70. *married*] severall Qq.  
 Ff.

76 The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride  
 For faire without the faire, within to hide :  
 That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie  
 That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie :  
 80 So shall you share all that he doth posseſſe,  
 By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

77. *faire, within*] [:] om.  
 Qq. Ff.  
 78. *manies*] many Q5.

*Nurſe.* No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

82. *bigger*] [:] Ff.

*Old La.* Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue ?

84 *Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.  
 But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,  
 Then your conſent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

86. *make*] make it Q4. 5.  
 F2, 3, 4.  
 [Enter a Seruing man.] Ff.

*Ser.* Madam the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald,  
 my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curſt in the Pantrie, and e-  
 uerie thing in extremitie : I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you  
 follow ſtraight.

[Exit.] Ff.

*Mo.* We follow thee, *Juliet* the Countie ſtaies.

*Nur.* Go gyrtle, ſeeke happye nightes to happye dayes.

*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE 4.

I. 4.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with ſiue or ſixe other  
 Maskers, torchbearers.*

*Romeo.* What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuse ?  
 Or shall we on without appologie ?

*Ben.* The date is out of ſuſh prolixitie,  
 4 Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a ſkarfe,  
 Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,  
 Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.  
 But let them measure vs by what they will,  
 8 Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

4. *hudwinckt*] hood-winckt  
 Q4. 5. F4. hood winkt  
 F1, 2, 3.

*Rom.* Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

C

Being

Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

*Mer:* Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

*Rom:* Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes  
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

12

*Mer:* Giue me a cafe to put my visage in,  
A visor for a visor, what care I  
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

28

*Rom:* Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart  
Tickle the fenceles rushēs with their heeles :  
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrase,  
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,  
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

36

*Mer:* Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunstablers old word,  
If thou beeſt Dun, weeſe draw thee from the mire  
Of this furreuerence loue wherein thou ſtickſt.  
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

40

*Rom:* Nay that's not ſo. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,  
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,  
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits

44

Three

\*

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

*Mercu.* Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

12 *Ro.* Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes.

With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

16 *Mer.* You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,  
And fore with them aboue a common bound.

12 *Rom.* I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,  
To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,  
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

*Horatio.* And to fink in it should you burthen loue,  
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

24 *Rom.* Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it prickſ like thorne.

*Mer.* If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue  
Prick loue for prickſ, and you beate loue downe,  
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,

28 A viſor for a viſor, what care I

What curiouse eye doth cote deformities:  
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.

32 *Benu.* Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,  
But euery man betake him to his legs.

*Ro.* A torch for me, let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the fenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:

36 For I am prouerbd with a graunſire phraſe,  
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,  
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.  
*Mer.* Tut, duns the mouse, the Conſtables own word  
If thou art dun, weeſe draw thee from the mire  
40 Or faue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſticketſt  
Vp to the eareſ, come we burne dayliſt ho.

*Ro.* Nay thatſ not fo.

44 *Mer.* I meane ſir in delay  
We waste our liſts in vaine, liſts liſts by day:  
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement ſits,

13. *soule*] *ſoale* F<sub>1</sub>. *ſole*  
F<sub>2</sub>, 3. 4.

17. *enpearced*] *impearced*  
F<sub>2</sub>, 3. *impierced* F<sub>4</sub>.  
18. *ſo bound*,] *to bound*:  
F<sub>1</sub>, 4. *to bond*: F<sub>2</sub>, 3.

21. *Horatio.*] *Hora*. F<sub>f</sub>.  
*Mercu.* Q<sub>4</sub>. *Mer.* Q<sub>5</sub>.

24. *boystrouſ*] *boysterous*  
Q<sub>3</sub>, 5. F<sub>f</sub>.  
and] om. F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

29. *cote*] *quote* Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

35. *graunſire*] *Grandsier*  
F<sub>f</sub>. (-ſire F<sub>4</sub>.)

37. *dum*] *dun* Q<sub>q</sub>. *done*  
F<sub>1</sub>, 2, 3. *Dun* F<sub>4</sub>.

39. *mire*] [.] F<sub>f</sub>. [.] Q<sub>5</sub>.

40. *Or ſave you reuerence*]  
(your F<sub>f</sub>.) *Or, ſave your*  
*reverence*, F<sub>4</sub>.

42. *Nay*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

43. *ſir in delay*] *sir in*  
*delay*, Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. *ſir I delay*, F<sub>1</sub>. *ſir I delay*, F<sub>2</sub>.  
*ſir I delay*, F<sub>3</sub>. *ſir, I*  
*delay*, F<sub>4</sub>.

44. *liſts liſts*] *liſts*,  
liſts, F<sub>f</sub>.

45. *iudgement*] *judgement*  
Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

	Three times a day, ere once in her right wits. Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske : But tis no wit to goe.	48
	Mer: Why Romeo may' one aske ? Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night. Mer: And so did I. Rom: Why what was yours ? Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.)	52
	Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you. Ben: Queene Mab whats the ?	
	She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone On the forefinger of a Burgomaster, Drawne with a teeme of little Atomis, Athwart mens nofes when they lie a sleepe. Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs, The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers, The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames, The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes, Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie, Not halfe so big as is a little worme, Pickt from the lafie finger of a maide, And in this fort the gallops vp and downe	56
	Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue : O're Courtiers knees : who strait on curfies dreame O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait : Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are : Sometimes the gallops ore a Lawers lap,	60
*	And then dreames he of smelling out a fute, And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile, Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe, And then dreames he of another benefice : Sometime the gallops ore a souldiers nose, And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, Of breaches ambuscados, countermynes, Of healties fadome deepe, and then anon	64
	Drums in his eare : at which he startes and wakes, And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe. This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,	68
	And proues them women of good cariage. (the night, This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttifl haire, Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes. Rom :	72
		76
		80

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

48 *Ro.* And we meane well in going to this Mask,  
But tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one aske?

*Rom.* I dreamp't a dreame to night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

52 *Ro.* Well what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Ro.* In bed asleep while they do dream things truē.

*Mer.* O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you:

56 She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger the  
an Agot stome, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with  
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her  
waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings  
of Graffoppers, her traces of the smalleſt spider web, her collors  
60 of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the  
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not  
half so big as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of  
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the Ioyner  
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers:  
and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains,  
64 and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame  
on Curfies ſtraiſt, ore Lawyers fingers who ſtraiſt dreame on fees,  
ore Ladies lips who ſtraiſt one kiffes dream, which oft the angrie  
Mab with blifters plagues, because their breath with ſweete  
meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe,  
72 and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime comes  
ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons noſe as a lies aſleep, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore  
a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,  
76 of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue ſadome  
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtarts and  
wakes, and being thus frightened, ſweares a praier or two & ſleeps  
again: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the  
80 night: and bakes the Elklocks in foul fluttish haireſ, which  
once vntangled, much miſfortune bodes.

57. *an Agot stone*] *an Agat stone* Qq. *an Agat-stone* Ff. (an om. F1, 2.)

58. *ottamie*] *atomies* Qq. Ff.

59. *spokes*] *spoke's* F3, 4.

60. *traces*] *Trace* F3, 4. *spider*] *Spiders* Ff. Q5.

*collors*] *collers* Qq. *coul-lers* F1. *collars* F2, 3, 4.

62. *Philome*] *filme* F2, 3, 4. *grey coated*] *gray-coated* F1, 3.

63. *lazie finger*] *Lazie-finger* F1, 3.

64. *man*] *woman* F2, 3, 4.

65. *amind*] *a mind* Q3, 4. F1, 2. *of mind* Q5. F3, 4.

67. *Courtiers*] *Countries* F2, 3, 4.

69. *one*] *on* Qq. Ff.

71. *Sometime*] *sometimes* Q5.

73. *with a*] *with* F1. *Persons*] *Parsons* Qq. Ff. (Parson's F4.) *a lies*] *he lies* F2, 3, 4.

77. *eare*] *eares* Ff.

80. *Elklocks*] *Elflocks* Q4, 5. F2, 3, 4.

81. *untangled*] *entangled* F3. *intangled* F4.

*Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkſt of nothing. 88

*Mer:* True I talke of dreames,  
Which are the Children of an idle braine,  
Begot of nothing but vaine fantafie,  
Which is as thinne a ſubſtance as the aire,  
And more inconstant than the windē, 92  
Which wooes euen now the froſē bowels of the north,  
And being angred puffes away in haſte,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth. (ſelues.

*Ben:* Come, come, this windē doth blow vs from our  
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late. 96

*Ro:* I feare too earlie, for my minde miſgives  
Some conſequence is hanging in the ſtars,  
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date 100  
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme  
Of a diſpifed life, cloſde in this breast,  
By ſome vntimelie forfet of vile death :  
But he that hath the ſteerage of my course  
Direc̄ts my faile, on luſtie Gentlemen. 104

I. 5.

84 This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,  
That preffes them and learnes them first to beare,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is fhe.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,  
Thou talkft of nothing.

88 Mer. True, I talke of dreames:  
Which are the children of an idle braine,  
Begot of nothing but vaine phantafie:  
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,  
92 And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,  
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:  
And being angerd puffs away from thence,  
Turning his fide to the dewe dropping South.

96 Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our felues,  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgives,  
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,  
100 Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,  
With this nights revels, and expire the terme  
Of a despised life closde in my brest:  
By some vile fofreit of vntimely death.  
104 But he that hath the stirrage of my course,  
Direct my fute, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with  
I. 5. Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?  
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

4. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands  
And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,  
looke to the plate, good thou, faue me a peece of March-pane,  
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and  
8. *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

85. sh.] [-] F2, 3, 4

92. inconstant] unconstant  
Q5, F3, 4.

103. fofreit] forfeit Qq. Ff.  
104. stirrage] steerage Q5,  
F4.

. . with their napkins.] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

[Enter Seruant.] Ff.

3. all] om. Ff.

5. ioynstooles] Hyphened  
Q5, F3, 4.  
Courtcubbert] court-cub-  
bord F1, 2, 3. court-cub-  
bord Q5, F4.

7. loves] louest Ff.

*Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.*

*Capu:* Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,  
 Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns  
 Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,  
 Which of you all will now refuse to dance?  
 Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile fweare hath Corns.  
 Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-  
 (come,

16

More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp,  
 And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.  
 Ah firra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,  
 Nay fit, nay fit, good Cosen *Capulet*:  
 For you and I are past our stading dayes,  
 How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

28

*Cof:* By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.  
*Cap:* Tis not so much, tis not so much,  
 Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,  
 Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,  
 Some ffeue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

32

*Cof:* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.  
*Cap:* Will you tell me that it cannot be so,  
 His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,  
 Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

36

40

*Rom.:*

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great chamber.

12 3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,  
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the  
Maskers.*

1. Capu. Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes  
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :

16 Ah my misteffes, which of you all  
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,  
She Ile fwear hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?  
Welcome gentlemen, I haue feene the day  
20 That I haue worne a visor and could tell  
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :  
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,  
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

*Musick playes and they dance.*

24 A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrls,  
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp :  
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.  
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :

28 Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin Capulet,  
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes :  
How long ist now since last your selfe and I  
Were in a maske ?

32 2. Capu. Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much,  
Tis since the nuptiall of Lucentio :  
Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,  
36 Some fwe and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :  
His sonne is thirtie.

1. Capu. Will you tell me that ?

40 His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

10. and cald] call F3, 4.

12. 3.] 1. Ff.

16. Ah my] Ah me, F2,  
3, 4.

23. gentlemen come,] gen-  
tlemen, come Qq. Ff.

24. A hall, a hall,] A  
Hall, Hall, Ff.

25. you] ye F2, 3, 4.

32. Berlady] By'r lady F4.

34. Lucentio:] Lucentio,  
Q3, 4. Lucentio, F1,  
3, 4. Lucentio. F2.

39. 1. Capu.] 3 Cap. Ff.

40. 2.] two Qq. Ff.

*Rom:* What Ladie is that that doth iurich the hand  
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to  
burne bright! 44

It feemes shee hangs vpon the cheeke of night,  
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,  
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:  
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,  
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes. 48  
The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.  
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it fight,  
I neuer saw true beautie till this night. 52

*Tib:* This by his voice shoulde be a *Mountague*,  
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the flauue  
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,  
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie? 56  
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

*Ca:* Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so. 60

*Ti:* Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,  
A villaine that is hether come in spight,  
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

*Ca:* Young *Romeo*, is it not? 64

*Ti:* It is that villaine *Romeo*.

*Ca:* Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle- 64

And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,  
Here in my houfe doo him disparagement:  
Therefore be quiet take no note of him, 72

Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

*Ti:* It fits when such a villaine is a guest, 76

44 *Ro.* What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder Knight?

*Ser.* I know not sir.

44 *Ro.* O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:  
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:  
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,  
Bewtie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:  
48 So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,  
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes:  
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
52 Did my hart loue till now, forsware it fight,  
For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

56 *Tibal.* This by his voyce, shoulde be a *Mountague*.  
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slau  
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,  
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?  
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

60 *Capu.* Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme  
*Tib.* Vnkle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so?  
A villaine that is hither come in spight,  
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

64 *Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it.  
*Tib.* Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.  
*Capu.* Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,  
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:  
68 And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,  
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,  
Here in my house do him disparagement;  
72 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An illbeseeming semblance for a feast.

76 *Tib.* It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

41. *Ladies*] *Ladie* is Qq.  
Ff.

45. *It seemes she*] *Her*  
*beauty* F2, 3, 4.  
46. *As*] *Like* F2, 3, 4.

53. *nere*] *ne're* Q5. *never*  
Ff.

55. *what*] [?] Q5.

64. *it.*] [?] Ff. Q5.

70. *this*] *the* Ff.

Ile not indure him.

*Ca:* He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?

80

You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule \*

You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,

You'le set Cocke a hooke, you'le be the man.

84

*Ti:* Uncle tis a shame.

*Ca:* Goe too, you are a faucie knaue,

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well said my hartes. Be quiet:

More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

92

*Tibalt:* Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:

I will withdraw, but this intrufion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

*Rom:* If I prophanie with my vnworthie hand,

96

This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this:

My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kiffe.

*Iuli:* Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too  
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,

100

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiffe.

*Rom:* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

104

*Iuli:* Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

*Ro:* Why then faire faint, let lips do what hands doo,

They pray, yeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire.

*Iu:* Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier  
forsake.

108

*Ro:* Then mooue not till my prayers effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

*Iu:* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

*Ro:* Sinne from my lips, O trespass sweetly vrgde!

112

Giue

Ile not endure him.

*Capu.* He shall be endured.

What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,  
80 Am I the master here or you? go too,  
Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,  
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:  
You wil set cock a hoope, youle be the man.

84 *Ti.* Why Vnkle, tis a shame.

*Capu.* Go too, go too,

You are a fawcie boy, ift so indeed?  
This trick may chance to scath you I know what,  
88 You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,  
Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go,  
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,  
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

92 *Ti.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bittrest gall. *Exit.*

96 *Ro.* If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,  
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,  
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,  
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

100 *Iu.* Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much  
Which mannerly deuocion showes in this,  
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,  
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

104 *Ro.* Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

*Iuli.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.

108 *Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,  
They pray (grant thou) leaft faith turne to dispaire.

*Iu.* Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.

112 *Ro.* Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,  
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purgd.

*Iu.* Thē haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

*Ro.* Sin from my lips, ô trespass sweetly vrgd : Glue

79. *What*] [?] Q5. [,] F4.

82. *my*] the Ff.

83. *set*] set a Q4, 5.

86. *ift*] 'tis F2, 3, 4.

90. *or more light, more light for shame, or (more light, more light for shame)* Q5. *or more light, for shame,* F2, 3, 4.

95. *bittrest*] bitter Qq. Ff.

97. *sin*] sinne Q4, 5.

98. *two*] to F1.  
*did*] om. F2, 3, 4. Q5.

102. *that*] the F3, 4.  
*hands do*] hand, do F2, 3, 4.

109. *I*] doe F2, 3, 4.

See Q<sup>o</sup> 2. Act III. Sc. 4.  
lines 6, 7, and 34. {

Giue me my finne againe.

*Iu:* You kiffe by the booke.

*Nurse:* *Madame your mother calles.*

*Rom:* What is her mother?

116

*Nurse:* *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurst her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*

120

*Rom:* Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,  
My life is my foes thrall.

124

*Ca:* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

128

*They whisper in his eare.*

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?

Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,

I promise you but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:

Light to my chamber hoe.

*Exeunt.*

*Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

*Nur:* *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

*Iul:* Whats he that now is going out of dore?

136

*Nur:* *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dance?)

*Iul:* Whats he that followes there that would not

*Nur:* *I know not.*

*Iul:* Goe learne his name, if he be maried,

140

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nur:* *His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely sonne of your great enemie.*

*Iul:* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

144

Too early feene vndeowne and knowne too late: ,

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

That I shoulde loue a loathed enemie.

*Nurse:* *VVhats this? what's that?*

148

*Iul:*

Giue me my fin againe.

*Iuli.* Youe kiffle bith booke.

*Nur.* Madam your mother craues a word with you.

116 *Ro.* What is her mother?

*Nurſ.* Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,

120 I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall haue the chincks.

*Ro.* Is ſhe a *Capulet*?

124 O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

*Ben.* Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.

*Ro.* I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.

*Capu.* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

128 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

132 Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my reſt.

114. *bith*] *by'th'* F1, 2. *by*  
*th'* F3, 4.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.

*Iuli.* Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?

*Nurſ.* The fonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

136 *Iuli.* Whats he that now is going out of doore?

*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

136. *of*] *of the* Q4, 5.

137. *be*] *to be* F3, 4.

*Iu.* Whats he that follows here that wold not dāce?

*Nur.* I know not.

140 *Iuli.* Go aske his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

141. *wedding*] *wedded* F1.

*Nurſ.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,

The onely fonne of your great enemie.

143. *your*] *our* F2, 3, 4.

144 *Iuli.* My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie feene, vñknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.

148 *Nurſ.* Whats tis? whats tis.

148. *tis?* . . . *tis.*] *tis?* . . .  
*tis?* Qq. *this?* . . . *this?*  
Ff.

*Iu. A*

*Iul.*: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of  
one I dancst with.

*Nurse*: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long  
with you.* *Exeunt.*

\*

*Enter Romeo alone.*

II.

*Ro*: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?  
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

*Enter Benuolio Mercutio.*

4

*Ben*: *Romeo*, my cosen *Romeo*.

*Mer*: Doest thou heare he is wise,  
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

8

*Ben*: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.  
Call good *Mercutio*.

12

*Mer*: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

*Romeo*, madman, humors, paſſion, liuer, appeare thou in  
likenes of a figh: ſpeak but one rime & I am ſatſified, cry  
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeakē to  
my goffip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her  
purblinde fonne and heire

young

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now  
Of one I dan&t withall.

One calls within Juliet.

Nurſ. Anon, anon :

152 Come lets away, the ftrangers all are gone.

Ereunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heire,  
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,  
With tender Juliet match, is now not faire.

4 Now Romeo is beloued, and loues againe,  
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes :  
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,  
8 And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes :  
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe  
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,  
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,  
12 To meeete her new beloued any where :  
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meeete,  
Tempring extreemeities with extreeme ſweete,

152. all are] are all Q4.

3. gronde for] groned Q5.

4. match] matcht Qq. Ff.

II. I.

Enter Romeo alone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,  
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

2. thy] my F2, 3, 4.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cofen Romeo, Romeo.

4 Mer. He is wife, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio :

Nay Ile coniure too.

8 Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, paſſion louer,  
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a figh,  
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied :  
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,  
12 Speake to my goſhip Venus one faire word,  
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

7. Nay . . . too] Restored to Mercutio by Q4, 5.

8. Mer.] om. Q4, 5.

10. on] one Qq. Ff.

11. Crie but ay me] Cry me but ay me F1. Cry me but ayme F2, 3. Cry me but aym F4.

12. prouaunt] Prouant F1. pronounce Q4, 5. Couply F2, 3, 4.

13. day] die Q4. dye Q5.  
her] heire Q4, 5.

D

Young

young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee  
 that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the  
 begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by  
*Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her  
 prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the  
 demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe  
 thou appeare to vs.

16

20

*Ben*: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

24

*Mer*: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld  
 raiſe a ſpirit in his Miftris circle of ſome ſtrange fashion,  
 making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde  
 it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire  
 and honest, and in his Miftris name I coniure onely but  
 to raiſe vp him.

28

*Ben*: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,  
 To be conſorted wlth the humerous night,  
 Blinde in his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

32

\* *Mer*: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,  
 Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,  
 And wiſh his Miftris were that kinde of fruite,  
 As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.  
 Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were  
 An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.  
*Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed:  
 This field bed is too cold for mee.  
 Come lets away, for tis but vaine,  
 To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.

36

40

*Ro*: He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound:  
 But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes?  
 It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,  
 Arife faire Sunne, and kill the eniuious Moone  
 That is alreadie ficke, and pale with griefe:

II. 2.

4

That

16 Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,  
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,  
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.  
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,  
20 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,  
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,  
That in thy likeneffe thou appeare to vs.

*Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

24 *Mer.* This cannot anger him, twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistreffe circle,  
Of some ftrange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,  
28 That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,  
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees  
32 To be conforted with the humerous night:  
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

*Mar.* If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,  
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,  
36 And wish his mistreffe were that kind of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.  
O *Romeo* that she were, & that she were

An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.

40 *Romeo* goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,  
Come shall we go?

*Ben.* Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here  
That meanes not to be found.

*Exit.*

14. *Abraham: Cupid* [:]  
om. Q4, 5, Ff.

16. *stirreth*] *striueth* Q3.

25. *mistresse*] *mistress's* F4.

29. *in*] *and in* Qq. Ff.  
*mistres*] *mistress's* F4.

32. *humorous*] *humorous*  
F4.

34. *Mar.*] *Mer.* Qq. Ff.

39. *open, or*] *open & catera,*  
*and* Q4, 5. (*and catera*  
Q5.)  
*Poprin*] *Poperin* Q4, 5.

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5, Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

II. 2. 44 *Ro.* He jeafts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.  
4 Arise faire Sun and kill the eniuious Moone,  
Who is alreadie fiche and pale with greefe,

That

That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.  
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,  
 Her vestall linerie is but pale and greene,  
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.

She speakes, but she fayes nothing. What of that?  
 Her eye discourfeth, I will answere it.  
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speaks,  
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,  
 Hausing some busines, doe entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheares till they returne.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
 The brightnes of her cheeke would shame thofe stars:  
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,  
 Would through the airie region streme so bright,  
 That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.  
 Oh now she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand,  
 I would I were the gloue to that same hand,  
 That I might kisse that cheeke.

*Iul.* Ay me.

*Rom.* She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:  
 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my  
 (head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen  
 Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,  
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lafie pacing cloudes,  
 And failes vpon the bosome of the aire.

*Iul.* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?  
 Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,  
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,  
 And ille no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

*Iul.* Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

That thou her maide art far more faire then she :  
 Be not her maide fince she is enuious,  
 8 Her vestall liuery is but fickle and greene,  
 And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off :  
 It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,  
 She speakes, yet she faies nothing, what of that ?  
 12 Her eye discourses, I will answere it :  
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes :  
 Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,  
 Hauing some busines to entreat her eyes,  
 16 To twinkle in their spheres till they retурне.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
 The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,  
 As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,  
 20 Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night :  
 See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.  
 O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,  
 24 That I might touch that cheeke.

15. *to* Qq. Ff.

*Iu.* Ay me.  
*Ro.* She speakes.  
 Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art  
 28 As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heauen  
 Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,  
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,  
 32 When he besrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,  
 And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

*Iuli.* O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo ?  
 Denie thy father and refuse thy name :  
 36 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,  
 And ile no longer be a Capulet.

*Ro.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this ?  
*Iu.* Tis but thy name that is my enemie :  
 40 Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,  
 Whats Mountague ? it is nor hand nor foote,

41. *nor hand* not hand F4.

Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet:  
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,  
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:  
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee,  
Take all I haue.

*Rom.*: I take thee at thy word,  
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,  
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iu.*: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,  
Doeft stumble on my counsaile?

*Ro.*: By a name I know not how to tell thee.  
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,  
Because it is an enemie to thee.  
Had I it written I would teare the word.

\* *Iul.*: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

*Ro.*: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.  
*Iu.*: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?  
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,  
And the place death confidering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

*Ro.*: By loues light winges did I o'reperch these wals,  
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,  
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Iul.*: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

*Ro.*: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,  
Then twentie of their fwords, looke thou but sweete,  
And I am prooife against their enmitie. (here.)

*Iul.*: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

*Ro.*:

Nor arme nor face, ô be fome other name  
Belonging to a man.

44. Whats in a name that which we call a rose,  
By any other word would smell as sweete,  
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,  
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,  
48. Without that tyle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,  
And for thy name which is no part of thee,  
Take all my selfe.

*Ro.* I take thee at thy word :

52. Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,  
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iuli.* What man art thou, that thus beschreend in  
So stumbleft on my counsell ? (night)

56. *Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I  
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am :  
Because it is an enemie to thee,  
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

60. *Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

*Ro.* Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

64. *Iuli.* How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore ?  
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kismen find thee here.

68. *Ro.* With loues light wings did I orepeach these  
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,  
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt :  
Therefore thy kismen are no strop to me.

72. *Iu.* If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

*Ro.* Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,  
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,  
And I am prooife against their enmitie.

76. *Iuli.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

44. *Whats*] *What's* Qq.  
F<sub>3</sub>, 4. *What?* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*name*] *names* F<sub>1</sub>. *name?*  
Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

46. *wene*] *were* Qq. Ff.

48. *title, Romeo*] *title Romeo*, F<sub>1</sub>, 2, 3. *title* ; *Romeo*, F<sub>4</sub>. *title Romeo* Q<sub>5</sub>.

54. *beschreend*] *bescreend*  
Q<sub>3</sub>, 4. *bescreen'd* Ff. Q<sub>5</sub>.

61. *tongus*] *tongues* Qq. Ff.

64. *camest*] *cam'st* Ff. Q<sub>5</sub>.

67. *kismen*] *kinsmen* Qq.  
Ff.

	Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their fight, And but thou loue me let them finde me here: For life were better ended by their hate, Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.	80
	Iu: By whose directions foundft thou out this place.	
	Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire, I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes. I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre As that vast shore, wafht with the furthest sea, I would aduenture for such Marchandise.	84
*	Iul: Thou knowft the maske of night is on my face, Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks: For that which thou hafte heard me speake to night, Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie, What I haue spoke: but farewell complements. Doeft thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I, And I will take thy word: but if thou swearft, Thou maiest proue false: At Louers periuries they say loue smiles. Ah gentle Romeo, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne, Ille frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse, So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world, In truth faire Mountague, I am too fond, And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauour light: But trust me gentleman Ille proue more true, Than they that haue more cunning to be strange. I should haue bin strange I must confess, But that thou ouer-heardft ere I was ware My true loues Paision: therefore pardon me, And not impute this yeelding to light loue, Which the darke night hath so discouered.	92
	Ro: By yonder bleffed Moone I sweare, That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.	100
	Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone, Leaft	104
		108
		112

8c *Ro.* I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,  
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

*Iu.* By whose direction foundſt thou out this place?

84 *Ro.* By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,  
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:  
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre  
As that vaſt shore washeth with the fartheſt ſea,  
I ſhould aduenture for ſuſh marchandise.

88 *Iu.* Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,  
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,  
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.  
92 Doeft thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:  
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,  
Thou maieſt proue false at louers periurieſ.  
96 They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and fay thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,  
100 In truſh faire *Montague* I am too fond:

104 And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,  
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,  
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,  
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,  
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,  
108 My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,  
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

112 *Ro.* Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,  
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.

116 *Iu.* O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,  
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

82. *promp*] *prompt* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

84. *Pylat*] *Pylot* or *Pilot*  
Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.  
85. *vast shore washeth*]  
(*washet* Q<sub>3</sub>, *wash't* Q<sub>4</sub>,  
5.) *vast-shore-washet* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*vast-shore:* *washd* F<sub>2</sub>.  
(*wash'd* F<sub>3</sub>.) *vast-shore,*  
*wash'd* F<sub>4</sub>.

87. *knoweſt*] *know'ſt* Q<sub>5</sub>.

91. *complement*] *Complementis* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.  
92. *loue me?* I.] *Love?* I  
F<sub>1</sub>. *Love?* O I F<sub>2</sub>, 3.  
*Love?* O, I F<sub>4</sub>.  
94. *maieſt*] *mayest* F<sub>3</sub>.  
*may'ſt* F<sub>4</sub>. *maist* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*false*] [:] Q<sub>3</sub>, F<sub>3</sub>. [:] F<sub>1</sub>,  
Q<sub>5</sub>. [:] Q<sub>4</sub>, F<sub>4</sub>.  
*periurieſ*] .] .] om. Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.  
95. *laughs*] *laught* F<sub>1</sub>.  
97. *thinkeſt*] *think'ſt* Q<sub>5</sub>.

101. *maieſt*] *mayest* F<sub>2</sub>, 4.  
*maist* F<sub>3</sub>, Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*behauor*] *hauour* F<sub>2</sub>,  
3, 4.  
103. *coying*] *more coying*  
Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. *more coyning* F<sub>2</sub>,  
3, 4.

106. *truloue*] *truelove* Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*true loue* Q<sub>4</sub>. *true Loues*  
F<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>5</sub>.

109. *blessed*] om. F<sub>f</sub>.

111. *inconſtant*] *unconſtant* F<sub>3</sub>, 4.  
112. *circle*] *circled* Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.

*Ro.*: Now by

*Iul.*: Nay doo not fweare at all,

Or if thou fweare, fweare by thy glorious ſelfe,  
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,  
And Il'e beleeue thee.

116

*Ro.*: If my true harts loue

*Iul.*: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in

I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night,  
It is too rafh, too ſodaine, too vnauidife,  
Too like the lightning that doth ceafe to bee  
Ere one can fay it lightens.

120

124

\*

I heare fome comming,

Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,  
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

140

*Ro.*: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,  
All this is but a dreame I heare and fee,  
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.

144

*Iul.*: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-  
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.)  
Thy purpose marriage, ſend me word to morrow

148

By

Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.

*Ro.* What ſhall I ſweare by?

*Iu.* Do not ſweare at all:

116 Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,  
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,  
And Ile beleeue thee.

*Ro.* If my hearts deare loue.

120 *Iu.* Well do not ſweare, althoſh I ioy in thee:  
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,  
It is too rafh, too vnaudifd, too ſudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,  
124 Ere one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete goodnight:  
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,  
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meeete,  
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repofe and reſt,  
128 Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.

*Ro.* O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnfatiſed?

*Iuli.* What ſatiſfaction canſt thou haue to night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

132 *Iu.* I gaue thee mine before thou diſt requeſt it:  
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

*Ro.* Woldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?

136 *Iu.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,  
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,  
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee  
The more I haue, for both are infinite:

140 I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:  
Anon good nurse, ſweete Mountague be true:  
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

*Ro.* O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard

144 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,  
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.

*Iu.* Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,  
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,  
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,

119. *loue.*] [-] F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

120. *ſweare,*] [.] om. F<sub>2</sub>,  
3, 4.  
*thee:* [.] Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

124. *ſay,* [.] om. Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*lightens,* [.] Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*ſweete]* *Sweete* Ff. (.,)  
F<sub>4</sub>.)

134. *it,*] (?) F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

[Cals within.] Ff. (Calls F<sub>4</sub>.)

[Enter.] F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

By one that il'e procure to come to thee:  
 Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,  
 And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,  
 And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

152

*Ro:* Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from  
 their bookees,

160

But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

*Iul:* *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,  
 To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe:  
 Bondage is hoarfe and may not crie aloud,  
 Els would I teare the Cau where Eccho lies  
 And make her airie voice as hoarfe as mine,  
 With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

164

*Romeo?*

*Ro:* It is my soule that calles vpon my name,  
 How filuer sweet found louers tongues in night.

168

*Iul:* *Romeo?*

*Ro:* Madame.

172

*Iul:* At what a clocke to morrow shall I fend?

*Ro:* At the houre of nine.

*Iul:* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

176

*Romeo* I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.

*Iul:* I shall forget to haue thee stiale here,  
 Remembraunce how I loue thy companie.

180

*Rom:* And il'e stiale to haue thee stiale forget,  
 Forgetting any other home but this.

*Iu:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,  
 But yet no further then a wantons bird,

Who

184

	By one that ile procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay, And follow thee my L. throughout the world.	Madam.	150. right] rite F <sub>3</sub> , 4. rights Q <sub>4</sub> , rites Q <sub>5</sub> . 152. L.] Loue Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. Lord Ff. [Within : Madam] Ff.
152	I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee (by and by I come)	Madam.	153. meanest] meanst Q <sub>5</sub> . [Within : Madam.] Ff.
156	To ceafe thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe, To morrow will I fend.		155. strife] sute Q <sub>4</sub> . suit Q <sub>5</sub> .
	<i>Ro.</i> So thriue my soule.		
	<i>Iu.</i> A thoufand times goodnight.		[Exit.] Ff.
160	<i>Ro.</i> A thoufand times the worse to want thy light, Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookeſ, But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookeſ.		159. light] sight Q <sub>4</sub> , 5.
	<i>Enter Iuliet againe.</i>		161. toward] towards Ff.
164	<i>Iuli.</i> Hift Romeo hift, ſo for a falkners voyce, To lure this Taffel gentle back againe, Bondage is hoarfe, and may not ſpeake aloude, Else would I teare the Cauſe where Echo lies, And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe, then With repetition of my Romeo.		166,7. then With] then with The F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4. (than F <sub>4</sub> ) then myne With Q <sub>4</sub> . than mine With Q <sub>5</sub> .
168	<i>Ro.</i> It is my soule that calls vpon my name. How filuer sweete, found louers tongues by night, Like ſoftest muſicke to attending eares.		167. Romeo.] [.] F <sub>2</sub> . 168. soule] loue Q <sub>4</sub> , 5.
172	<i>Iu.</i> Romeo.		
	<i>Ro.</i> My Neece.		172. Neece] Deere Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. sweete F <sub>2</sub> . sweet F <sub>3</sub> . Sweet F <sub>4</sub> .
	<i>Iu.</i> What a clocke to morrow		
	Shall I fend to thee ?		
	<i>Ro.</i> By the houre of nine.		
176	<i>Iu.</i> I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then, I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.		176. yeare] yeares Q <sub>4</sub> . Ff.
	<i>Ro.</i> Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.		
	<i>Iu.</i> I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,		179. forget] [...] Q <sub>3</sub> , 4. Ff.
180	Remembraſt how I loue thy compaie.		
	<i>Ro.</i> And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget, Forgetting any other home but this.		
	<i>Iu.</i> Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone, And yet no farther then a wantons bird,	That	184. farther] further Ff.
184			

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,  
And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,  
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

188

*Ro:* Would I were thy bird.

*Jul:* Sweet so would I,  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.  
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,

192

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

*Rom:* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy  
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.

196

Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,  
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

II. 3.

*Enter Frier Francis.* (night,

*Frier:* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning  
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,  
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles :  
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,  
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,  
We must vp fill this oafier Cage of ours,  
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

4

8

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies  
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

16

For

That lets it hop a litle from his hand, Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues, And with a filken threed, plucks it backe againe, So louing Iealous of his libertie.	187. <i>threed</i> ] <i>thred</i> Qq. Ff. <i>backe</i> ] om. F2, 3, 4.
188 Ro. I would I were thy bird.	193.4. <i>Parting . . . mor-</i> <i>row</i> ] Given to Rom. Q3, Ff.
Iu. Sweete so would I, Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing: 192 Good night, good night. Parting is such sweete sorrow,	195. <i>Sleep . . . breast</i> Given to Rom. Q4, 5. [Exit.] F2, 3, 4.
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.	196. Ro.] om. Q4, 5.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.	197-200. <i>The . . . wheeles</i> om. Q4, 5.
196 Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night, Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles, 200 From forth daies pathway, made by <i>Tytans</i> wheeles. Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell, His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.	199. <i>fleckted</i> ] <i>fleckeld</i> Q3. <i>fleckel'd</i> Ff.
II. 3. Enter Frier alone with a basket. (night,	201. <i>Friers</i> ] <i>Fries</i> F1, 2.
Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light: And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,	1-4. <i>The . . . wheeles</i> ] om. F2, 3, 4.
4 From forth daies path, and <i>Titans</i> burning wheeles: Now ere the fun aduance his burning eie,	2. <i>Checking</i> ] <i>Checkring</i> Qq. F1.
8 The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie, I must vpfill this ofier cage of ours,	3. <i>fleckeld</i> ] <i>fleckled</i> F1.
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers, The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,	
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe: And from her wombe children of diuers kinde, 12 We fucking on her naturall bosome finde:	
Many for many, vertues excellent: None but for some, and yet all different.	13. <i>many,]</i> [,] om. Qq. Ff.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities:	

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,  
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :  
 Nor nought so good, but straide from that faire vse,  
 Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :  
 20  
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,  
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,  
 24  
 Poyson hath residence, and medecine power :  
 For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,  
 Being tasted flayes all fences with the hart.  
 Two such opposed foes incampe them stille,  
 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,  
 28  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full foone the canker death eats vp that plant.

*Rom.* Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

*Fri.* *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so foone saluteth  
 32  
 (me?)

Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,  
 So foone to bid good morrow to my bed.  
 Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,  
 36  
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :  
 But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braines  
 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :  
 Therefore thy earlines doth me affuse,  
 40  
 Thou art vprowf'd by some distemperature.  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it righ  
 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

*Ro.* The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fr.* God pardon fin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

*Ro.* With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)

*Fri.* Thats my good sonne: but where haft thou bin

*Ro.* I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,

I haue bin feasting with mine enemie :

Where on the fodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,  
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:  
Nor ought so good but straide from that faire viue,  
20 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,  
And vice sometyme by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower  
24 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,  
Being tasted, staies all fences with the hart.  
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,  
28 In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full foone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

*Ro.* Goodmorrow father.

*Fri.* Benedicite.  
32 What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?

Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,  
So foone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:  
36 Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,  
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:  
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine  
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.

40 Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,  
Thou art vproudf with some distemprature:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

*Ro.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon fin, waſt thou with *Rosaline*?

*Ro.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,  
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

48 *Fri.* Thats my good fon, but wher haſt thou bin the?

*Ro.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie,  
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me:

25. *smelt with that part,* *smelt, with that part*  
Ff.

26. *staies]* *slayes* Qq. F<sub>1</sub>,  
2, 3. *slays* F<sub>4</sub>.

34. *distempered]* *distem-*  
*per'd* Q5, F<sub>4</sub>.

37. *lodges]* *lodgeth* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

41. *distemprature]* *distem-*  
*perature* F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

46. *father no,]* *Father?*  
No, Ff.

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies  
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,  
I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe  
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

*Frier* : Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

*Rom* : Then plainlye know my harts deare loue is fet  
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :  
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,  
And all combind, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage : where, and when, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,  
Il'e tell thee as I passe : But this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

*Fri* : Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here ?  
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare  
So foone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies  
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

*Iesu Maria*, what a deale of brine  
Hath washt thy fallow cheeke for *Rosaline* ?  
How much salt water cast away in wafte,  
To seafon loue, that of loue doth not taste.  
The sunne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,  
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,  
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,  
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,  
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then  
Women may fal, when ther's no stregth in men.

*Rom* : Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

*Fr* : For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

*Rom* : And badst me burie loue.

*Fr* : Not in a graue,  
To lay one in another out to haue.

*Rom* : I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now

From this point to the end of the play a smaller type is used in the original edition, and the running title is changed from 'The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet' to 'The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.' \*

52

56

60

64

68

72

76

80

84

Doth

52 Thats by me wounded both, our remedies  
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :  
I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

52. wounded both,] wounded:  
ed, both Q3, 4. wounded:  
both Ff. wounded; both  
Q5.

56 Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrist.

56. and] rest Ff.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set  
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :  
60 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,  
And all combind, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :  
64 Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

66. S.] Saint F4.

Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here  
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,  
68 So soone forsaken ? young mens loue then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.

Iefu *Maria*, what a deale of brine  
Hath washt thy fallow cheekees for *Rosaline* ?  
72 How much salt water throwne away in waste,  
To seafon loue, that of it doth not taste.  
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares  
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares :  
76 Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,  
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.  
If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.  
80 And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

73. taste.] [?] F4.

75. ringing] ring Q4, 5,  
F2, 3, 4.  
mine] my Q3, 4. Ff.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

80. chang'd,] [?] Qq. Ff.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badst me burie loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in an other out to haue.

86. in] [,] Qq. Ff, 3, 4.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow : 88  
 The other did not so.

*Fr.* Oh the knew well  
 Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.  
 But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,  
 In one respect Ile thy assitant bee :  
 For this alliaunce may so happie proue,  
 To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

*Exeunt.*

88

92

II. 4.

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.*

*Mer.* Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not  
 home to night?

*Ben.* Not to his Fathers, I speake with his man.

*Mer.* Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*  
*Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.* (saline,

*Mer.* *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*  
 Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House :  
 Some Challenge on my life.

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer.* I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee  
 challenged.

*Mer.* Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: stabd  
 with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare  
 with a loue fong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the  
 blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter  
*Tybalt*?

*Ben.* Why what is *Tybalt*?

*Mer.* More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh  
 he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catfo, he  
 fightes as you singe pricke-song, keepes time dystance and  
 proportion, restes me his minum rest one two and the thirde  
 in your bosome, the very butcher of a filken button, a Duell-  
 list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first  
 and

4

8

12

16

20

88 Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O she knew well,  
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell :  
92 But come young wauerer, come go with me,  
In one respect ile thy affistant be :  
For this alliance may so happie proue,  
To turne your housholds rancor to pure loue.

96 *Ro.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

*Fri.* Wifely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*

92. *go*] and *gve* Q4. 5.

95. *housholds*] *houshould*  
Ff.

II. 4. ACT II. SCENE 4.

*Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the deule should this *Romeo* be ? came hee not home to night ?

*Ben.* Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

4 *Mer.* Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* *Tibalt*, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a leter to his fathers house.

8 *Mer.* A challenge on my life.

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answere a letter.

12 *Ben.* Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, being dared.

*Mercu.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt* ?

16 *Ro.* Why what is *Tybalt* ?

20 *Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements : he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome : the very butcher of a filke button, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

6. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq.  
Ff.

13. *dead, stabd*] [,]om. Ff.

18. *Ro.*] *Ben.* Ff.

20. *pricksong*] *Prickle-song*  
Q5. *prick-songs* F3. 4.

21. *he rests*, [,]om. Qq. Ff.  
*minum rests*] *minum* Ff.

23. *dualist*] *Duellist* F4  
(bis).

and seconf cause, ah the immortall Paffado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

*Ben:* The what?

*Me:* The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundfir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonnees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

*Ben.* Heere comes *Romeo*.

*Mer:* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypfie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thysie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtefie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

*Rom:* What counterfeit I pray you?

*Me:* The flip the flip, can you not conceiue?

*Rom:* I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtefie.

*Mer:* Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil constraine a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom:* A most curteous exposition.

*Me:* Why I am the very pinke of curtefie.

*Rom:* Pinke for flower?

*Mer:* Right.

*Rom:* Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

*Mer:* Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast worne out thy Pumpe, that when the singe sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing sole singuler. *Rom:* O

24 first and second cause, ah the immortall Paffado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

28 *Ben.* The what?

28 *Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundfir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

32 *Enter Romeo,*

36 *Ben.* Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

40 *Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie, she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

44 *Ro.* Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

48 *Mer.* The slip fir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

52 *Ro.* Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

56 *Mer.* Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constraines a man to bow in the hams.

56 *Ro.* Meaning to curfie.

56 *Mer.* Thou haft most kindly hit it.

56 *Ro.* A most curtuous exposition.

56 *Mer.* Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

56 *Ro.* Pinck for flower.

56 *Mer.* Right.

56 *Ro.* Why then is my pump well flowerd.

56 *Mer.* Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou haft worne out thy pump, that when the singel sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

*Ro.* O

27. *phantacie*] *phantasies*  
Q5, F3, 4.

28. *accent*] *accents* Q5.  
by *Iesu*] *Iesu Ff.*

31. *pardons mees*] *pardon mees* Q3. *pardon-mee's*  
Ff. (*me's* F3, 4.) *par-dona-mees* Q4, 5.

36. *Petrach*] *Petrarch* Qq.  
Ff.

40. *Bonieur*] *Bon ieur* Q3.  
*Bon iour* F1. *Bonjour*  
F2, 3. *Bon'jour* Q5.  
*Bonjour* F4.

46. *good*] om. Ff.

50. *cursie*] *courtesie* F2, 3.  
4

52. *curtuous*] *curteous* Qq.  
Ff. *courteous* F2, 3, 4.

57. *wit* [,] Qq. Ff.  
*ieast* [,] om. F4.

59. *soly singular*] *sole-singular* Ff.

Rom: O fingle soald iest folie singuler for the singlenes.  
 Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.  
 Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.  
 Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou haft more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fwe: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp iauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that strectheth from an ync narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I strecth it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldest haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldest haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceipted, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly gear. \* *Enter Nurfe and her man.*

Mer: A faile, a faile, a taile.

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good Peter, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

60

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

\*

Mer:

60      *Ro.* O singe folde ieaſt, folie ſingular for the ſinglenetſe.  
*Mer.* Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.  
*Ro.* Swits and fpurs, fwits and fpurres, or ile crie a match.  
*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wildgoofe chafe, I am done:  
64      For thou haſt more of the wildgoofe in one of thy wits, then I  
am ſure I haue in my wholſe five. Was I with you there for the  
goofe?  
68      *Ro.* Thou waſt neuer with me for any thing, when thou waſt  
not there for the goofe.  
*Mer.* I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.  
*Rom.* Nay good goofe bite not.  
*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp fawce.  
72      *Rom.* And is it not then well feru'd in to a ſweete goofe?  
*Mer.* Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an  
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.  
76      *Ro.* I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the  
goofe, proues thee farre and wide a broad goofe.  
*Mer.* Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now  
art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou  
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a  
80      great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable  
in a hole.  
*Ben.* Stop there, ſtop there.  
*Mer.* Thou defiſt me to stop in my tale againſt the haire.  
84      *Ben.* Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.  
*Mer.* O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I  
was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to  
occupie the argument no longer.  
88      *Ro.* Heeres goodly geare.      *Enter Nurse and her man.*  
A fayle, a fayle.  
*Mer.* Two two, a ſhert and a ſmocke.  
*Nur. Peter:*  
92      *Peter.* Anon.  
*Nur.* My fan *Peter*.  
*Mer.* Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.  
*Nur.* God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

60. *soley*] Solely F4.  
61. *wits faints*] *wit faints*  
F2, 3, 4. *wits faint* Q5.

67. *Thou wast*] *Thou was*  
F2, 3, 4.

71. *bitter sweeting*] *Bitter-*  
*sweeting* Ff.  
72. *then*] om. Qq. Ff.  
*in to*] *into* Ff.  
*sweete goofe*] *Sweet-goose*  
F1, 2.

76. *wide*] [,] Qq. Ff.  
*a broad i*] *abroad* Ff.  
77. *Why*] [?] Q4.

80. *babble*] *bauble* F4.

83. *desireſt*] *desir'ſt* F1, 2,  
3.

85. *for*] *or* F1, 2, 3.

[Enter etc] between lines  
87 & 88 Ff.

90. *shert*] *shirt* Qq. Ff.

*Mer.* God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

96

*Nur.* Is it godyegooden I pray you.

*Mer.* Tis no leſſe I affuse you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

100

*Nur.* Fie, what a man is this?

*Rom.* A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

104

*Nur.* By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

*Rom.* I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

108

*Nur.* Well said.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wifely, wifely.

112

*Nur.* If you be he fir, I desire ſome conference with ye.

*Ben.* O, belike ſhe meaneſ to invite him to ſupper.

*Mer.* So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

*Rom.* Why what haſt found man?

116

*Mer.* No hare fir, vndeſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ftale and hoare ere it be eaten.

*He walkes by them, and ſings.*

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore

is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thatſ hoare is too much for a ſcore,  
if it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?

120

*Rom.* I will.

*Mer.* Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

*Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:*

124

*Nur.* Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?

*Rom.* A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.

128

*Nur.* If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, Ile take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his ſkaines mates.

*She*

\*

96	<i>Mer.</i> God ye gooden faire gentlewoman.	
	<i>Nur.</i> Is it good den?	98. <i>yee</i> ] <i>you</i> Qq. Ff.
	<i>Mer.</i> Tis no leffe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.	
100	<i>Nur.</i> Out vpon you, what a man are you?	
	<i>Ro.</i> One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.	102. <i>well said</i> ] <i>said</i> F1, 2, 3. <i>sad</i> F4.
	<i>Nur.</i> By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quoth a?	
	<i>Gēlemē cā</i> any of you tel me wher I may find the yong <i>Romeo</i> ?	
104	<i>Ro.</i> I can tell you, but young <i>Romeo</i> will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.	
	<i>Nur.</i> You say well.	
108	<i>Mer.</i> Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.	109. <i>If you</i> ] <i>If thou</i> Q4, 5.
	<i>Nur.</i> If you be he fir, I desire some confidence with you.	110. <i>endite</i> ] <i>envite</i> F2, <i>in- vite</i> F3, 4.
	<i>Ben.</i> She will endite him to some supper.	
	<i>Mer.</i> A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.	
112	<i>Ro.</i> What haft thou found?	
	<i>Mer.</i> No hare fir, vnleffe a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is some- thing stale and hoare ere it be spent.	
	An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.	
	But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent.	
116	<i>Romeo,</i> will you come to your fathers? weeble to dinner thither.	
	<i>Ro.</i> I will follow you.	
	<i>Mer.</i> Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.	120. [Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.]
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	
	<i>Nur.</i> I pray you fir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?	123. <i>roperie</i> ] <i>roguery</i> F4.
124	<i>Ro.</i> A gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a moneth.	125. <i>too</i> ] <i>to</i> Qq. Ff.
128	<i>Nur.</i> And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand	130. <i>flurt gills</i> ] <i>flurt-gils</i> Ff. <i>gil-flurts</i> Q4, 5. <i>skaines mates</i> ] <i>skains- mates</i> F4.

*She turnes to Peter her man.*

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke  
vse me at his pleasure.

*Pet:* I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I  
would soone haue drawen: you know my toole is as soone  
out as anotheris if I see time and place.

*Nur:* Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie  
member about me quiuers: scuruie Iacke. But as I said, my  
Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee,  
that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a  
fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of  
behaviour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now  
if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake  
dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

*Rom:* Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-  
test.

*Nur:* Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be  
a ioyfull woman.

*Rom:* Why, what wilt thou tell her?

*Nur:* That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a  
Gentlemanlike proffer.

*Rom:* Bid her get leaue to morrow morning  
To come to shrift to Frier Laurence cell:  
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,  
My man shall come to thee, and bring along  
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,  
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy  
Must be my conduct in the secret night.  
Hold, take that for thy paines.

*Nur:* No, not a penie truly.

*Rom:* I say you shall not chuse.

*Nur:* Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

*Rom:* Farewell, be trufie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

132

136

140

144

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152

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164

156

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*Nur:*

132 stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarel, & the law on my fide.

136 Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruiue knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dea-  
140 ling.

144 Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

148 Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dooest not marke me?

152 Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

156 Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir, well she shall be there.

160 Ro. And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,  
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,  
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,  
Must be my conuoy in the secreit night.

164 Farewell be truftie, and ile quit thy paines:  
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

134. *out.*] [.] Q<sub>3</sub>, 4. F<sub>f</sub>.  
*assooone* as soon F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

144. *offred*] offered Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

147. *thee.*] [—] F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

151. *me?*] [.] Q<sub>5</sub>.

153. *a*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>.

158. *too*] to F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

160. *stay*] stay thou F<sub>f</sub>.  
Nurse [.] F<sub>4</sub>.  
wall,] [.] Q<sub>5</sub>.

162. *thee*] the F<sub>2</sub>, 3.  
*tackled*] tackling Q<sub>5</sub>.

165. *quit*] quite Q<sub>q</sub>. F<sub>f</sub>.

Nur. Now

Nur: *Peter, take my fanne, and goe before. Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

II. 5.

*Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurffe  
In halfe an houre she promisst to returne.  
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.  
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,  
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,  
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.*

4

Compare lines 67, 68, Act  
V. Sc. 1 of Q<sub>2</sub>, and cor-  
responding lines of (Q<sub>1</sub>).

168      *Nur.* Now God in heauen bleffe thee, harke you fir.  
*Ro.* What faift thou my deare Nurse?  
*Nur.* Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.  
*Ro.* Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.  
*Nur.* Well fir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord : but shee good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookest as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?  
*Ro.* I Nurse, what of that?      Both with an *R*.  
*Nur.* A mocker thatts the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and shee hath the pretiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.  
*Ro.* Commend me to thy Lady.  
*Nur.* I a thousand times *Peter*.  
*Pet.* Anon.  
*Nur.* Before and apace.

Exit.

II. 5.

Enter Iuliet.

*Iu.* The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,  
 In halfe an houre shee promised to returne,  
 Perchance shee cannot meeete him, thatts not so :  
 Oh shee is lame, loues heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,  
 Driving backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.  
 Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,  
 And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings :  
 Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,  
 Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,  
 Is there long houres, yet shee is not come,  
 Had shee affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She

169. *here*] *heare* Ff.  
 170. *away.*] [?] Q5, F4.  
 171. *Warrant*] *I warrant*  
 F2, 3, 4.  
*mans*] *man* Ff.

175. *see a*] *a see* F1.

181. *dog, name R.*] *dogs-*  
*name. R.* Q3, F1. *dogges*  
 or *dogs name. R.* The  
 rest.  
*no.*] [.] Q5.

[Exit Nurse and Peter] Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q5.

4. *heraulds*] *Herauld* F1,  
 3. *Herauld* F2.  
 5. *glides*] *glide* F4.

8. *wind swift*] Hyphened  
 Q3, 5, Ff.11. *Is there*] *Is three* Qq.  
*I three* Ff.

*Enter Nurſe.*

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,  
What fayes my Loue?

*Oh wheres . . . aqua vita]*  
See Q<sub>2</sub>, Act III. Sc. 2,  
l. 90.

*Nur.*: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how  
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua  
vita.

*Iul.*: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

*Nur.*: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-  
ther fide. Lord, Lord, what a cafe am I in.

*Jul.*: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what fayes *Romeo*?

*Nur.*: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chufe a man. Hees  
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper  
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy  
way wench, thou haſt it iſaith. Lord, Lord, how my head  
beates?

*Iul.*: What of all this? tell me what fayes he to our ma-  
riage?

*Nur.*:

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,  
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

16 *M.* And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,  
Vnwickelde, flowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?  
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.

20 *Iu.* Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?  
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.  
If good, thou shameſt the muſicke of sweete newes,  
By playing it to me, with ſo fower a face.

24 *Nur.* I am a wearie, giue me leauue a while,  
Fie how my bones ake, what a iounce haue I?

*Iu.* I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:  
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurse ſpeake.

28 *Nur.* Iefu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?  
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

*Iu.* How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath  
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?

32 The excuse that thou doeſt make in this delay,  
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuse.  
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,  
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:  
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

40 *Nur.* Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you know not  
how to chufe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-  
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand  
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet  
they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but ile  
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ſerue  
God. What haue you diinde at home?

44 *Iu.* No, no. But all this did I know before.  
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?

*Nur.* Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?  
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

13. *She would*] *She ld* F2,  
3. 4.

15. *M.] om.* Q4, 5. Ff.  
*fain*] *faine* Qq. F1, 2.  
Two lines, first ending  
*folks* Ff.

20. *lookeſt*] *look'ſt* Q4, 5.  
F4. *lookes* F2. *looks* F3.

22. *shameſt*] *sham'ſt* Q4, 5.  
Ff.

25. *iaunce*] *jaunt* Q4, 5.  
Ff.  
*I ?*] *I had ?* Qq. Ff.

27. *good good*] *good* F2, 3, 4.

28. *haste,*] *hast ?* Ff.

29. *that*] *om.* F2. *how* F3,  
4

39. *leg excels*] *legs excels*  
F1, 2, 3. *legs excell* F4.

40. *a body*] *body* Q4, 5. *a*  
*baudy* F2, 3, 4.

41. *ile*] *I* F2, 3, 4.

42. *as a*] *a* Ff.

44. *this*] *this this* F1.

*Nur*: Marry he fayes like an honest Gentleman, and a  
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

\* *Jul*: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He faies like a  
kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres  
your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this  
the poulesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue  
done, euen doot your selfe.

*Jul*: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreat thee now,  
What fayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,  
And frame a scufe that you must goe to shrift:  
There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.  
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheeke,  
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,  
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.  
I must take paines to further your delight,  
But you must beare the burden soone at night.  
Doth this newes please you now?

*Jul*: How doth her latter words reuue my hart.  
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,  
And Ile not faile to meeete my *Romeo*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo, Frier.*

*Rom*: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant  
Confisft the good of me and *Iuliet*.

*Fr*: Without more words I will doo all I may,  
To make you happie if in me it lye.

*Rom*:

60

64

68

72

II. 6.

48	My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe : Bethewe your heart for fending me about To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe. <i>Iu.</i> Ifaith I am forrie that thou art not well.	48. <i>a my] o my</i> Fr. <i>O my</i> F2, 3, 4. <i>ah my</i> Q5.
52	Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what fayes my loue ? <i>Nur.</i> Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman, And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome, And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?	50. <i>iaunsing] iaunting</i> Fr. Q4, 5. 51. <i>not well] so well</i> Fr. <i>so ill</i> F2, 3, 4.
56	<i>Iu.</i> Where is my mother, why she is within, wher shuld she be ? How odly thou repliest : Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother ?	56. Two lines, first ending <i>mother ?</i> Fr. 57. <i>repliest] repli st</i> Fr.
60	<i>Nur.</i> O Gods lady deare, Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow, Is this the poultis for my aking bones : Henceforward do your messhages your selfe.	59. <i>your] my</i> F2, 3, 4.
64	<i>Iu.</i> Heres such a coyle, come what faiers Romeo ? <i>Nur.</i> Haue you got leauue to go to shrift to day ? <i>Iu.</i> I haue.	61. <i>hot,] [?]</i> Fr. 62. <i>bones :] [?]</i> Fr.
68	<i>Nur.</i> Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell, There stayes a husband to make you a wife : Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekees, Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes : Hie you to Church, I must an other way, To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue	67. <i>high] hie</i> Q5, F4.
72	Muſt climbe a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke, I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight : But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night. Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.	
76	<i>Iuli.</i> Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurse farewell.	
II. 6.	<i>Enter Frier and Romeo.</i>	<i>Exeunt.</i>
	<i>Fri.</i> So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act, That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.	ACT II. SCENE 6.
4	<i>Ro.</i> Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can, It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy	That

*Rom*: This morning here she pointed we should meet,  
And consummate those neuer parting bands,  
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,  
And come she will.

*Fr*: I gesse she will indeed,  
Youths loue is quicke, swiftest than swiftest speed.

*Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

See where she comes.

16

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:  
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power,

*Iul*: Romeo.

\* *Rom*: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes  
(Cloas'd in Nights mysts) attend the frolick Day,  
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,  
And thou art come.

*Jul*: I am (if I be Day)  
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.

*Rom*: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Iul*: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

*Fr*: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe  
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,  
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,  
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

36

*Rom*: Lead holy Father, all delay feemes long.

*Iul*: Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wrong.

*Fr*: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Haft is a common hindrer in crofse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

8 That one short minute giues me in her fight:  
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
 Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,  
 It is inough I may but call her mine.

12 Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,  
 And in their triumph die like fier and powder:  
 Which as they kiffe consume. The sweetest honey  
 Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,  
 And in the taste confoundes the appetite.  
 Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,  
 Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

16 Enter Iuliet.  
 Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote  
 Will nere ware out the euerlasting flint,  
 A louer may bestride the goffamours,  
 That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,  
 And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

20 Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.  
 Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.  
 Ro. Ah Iuliet, if the measure of thy ioy

24 Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more  
 To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath  
 This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,  
 Vnfold the imagind happines that both  
 Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

28 Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,  
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament,  
 They are but beggers that can count their worth,  
 But my true loue is growne to such exceffe,  
 I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

32 Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short  
 For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,  
 Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

10. triumph] [:] Fr.

18. gossamours] gossamour  
F4.

19. ydeles] ydles Q3, Fr, 2.  
idles Q4, 5, F3, 4.

23. is] in Q4, 5, Fr, 2, 3.

27. musicke] musickes Qq.  
Ff.

34. sum of] some of Q4, 5.  
Ff.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.

III. 1.

*Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*

*Ben:* I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,  
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

8

*Mer:* Thou art like one of thofe, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

12

*Ben:* Am I like such a one?

*Mer:* Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as foone mooude to be moodie, and as foone moodie to be mooud.

16

*Ben:* And what too?

20

*Mer:* Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue

24

none shortly. Didſt not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou hadſt haſſill eyes? what eye but ſuch an eye would haue pickt out

\*

ſuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy dogge that lay a ſleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new ſhoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

32

*Ben:* By my heade heere comes a *Capolet*.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Mer:* By my heele I care not.

*Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.

*Mer:*

III. 1.

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.*

*Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,  
 The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:  
 And if we meeete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot  
 daies, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters  
 the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table,  
 and fayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation  
 of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there  
 is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as  
 any in *Italie*: and affoone moued to be moodie, and affoone  
 moodie to be moued.

*Ben.* And what too?

*Mer.* Nay and there were two such, we should haue none  
 shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt  
 quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leffe in his  
 beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking  
 Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou haft hafel eyes:  
 what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head  
 is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy  
 head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou  
 haft quareld with a man for coffing in the streeete, because hee  
 hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst  
 thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-  
 fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde ri-  
 band, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

*Ben.* And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should  
 buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple, ô simple.

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

*Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

*Mer.* By my heele I care not.

*Tybalt.* Follow me clofe, for I will speake to them.  
 Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

*Mer.*

ACT III. SCENE 1.

2. *Capels*] *Capulets* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.  
Ff.5. *these*] *those* F<sub>4</sub>.27. *from*] for Q<sub>5</sub>.30. *fee-simple*,] [?] Ff.31. *comes*] *come* Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>, 3,  
4

*Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

*Mer:* Could you not take occasion?

*Tyb:* *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

*Mer:* Confort. Zwounes confort? the flauue wil make fiders of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

36

44

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

*Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that fence your worship may call him man.

*Tyb:* *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villain.

*Rom:* *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villain am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowit me not.

*Tyb:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

*Ro:* I doe protest I never iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

52

56

60

64

*Mer:* O dishonorable vile submiffion.

*Alla stockado*

36 Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with some-  
thing, make it a word and a blowe.

Til. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you wil giue  
me occasion.

40 Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without gi-  
uing?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou confortest with Romeo.

44 Mer. Confort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou  
make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres  
my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds con-  
fort.

48 Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:  
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,  
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:  
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.  
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

52 Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he weare your liuerie:  
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,  
Your worship in that sence may call him man.

56 Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord  
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

60 Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.  
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries  
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

64 Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,  
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,  
And so good Capulet, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submiffion:

35. us,] [?] Qq. Ff.

37. wil] shall Q5.

41. confortest] confort'st Ff.  
Romeo.] [,] F2.

44. sounds] Come Ff.

60. villaine am I none] (I  
am Q5) om. F2, 3, 4.  
61. knowest] know'st Q4, 5,  
Ff.

64. iniuried] iniured Q3, 4.  
injur'd Q5, Ff.  
65. loue] lou'd Ff.  
deuise:] [,] Q5. [,] F4.

68. mine] my Qq. Ff.

69. calme,] [,] om. Q4, 5.

Allaflockado caries

it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

*Tyb*: What wouldest with me?

*Mer*: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your  
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your  
scabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

72

76

*Rom*: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate  
downe their weapons.

*Tibalt under Romeos arme thrus* *Mer-*  
*cutio, in and flyes.*

88

92

*Mer*: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your  
houſes.

*Rom*: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

*Mer*: Noe not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a  
barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to  
come beſtweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

100

*Rom*: I did all for the beſt.

*Mer*: A poxe of your houſes, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra  
goe fetch me a Surgeon.

*Boy*: I goe my Lord.

*Mer*: I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he  
hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-  
row you ſhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houſes,  
I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon fourē mens ſhoulders: For  
your houſe of the *Montegues* and the *Capolets*: and then  
ſome peafantly rogue, ſome Sexton, ſome base flaue ſhall  
write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes  
Lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond  
cauſe. Wher's the Surgeon?

*Boy*: Hee's come fir.

*Mer*: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the  
other fide, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your  
houſes.

*Exeunt*

*Rom*:

72 *Alla stucatho* carries it away,  
*Tibalt*, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

*Tib.* What wouldst thou haue with me?

76 *M.* Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,  
 that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee  
 hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your  
 fword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, leaft mine be  
 about your eares ere it be out.

*Tib.* I am for you.

*Rom.* Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

*Mer.* Come sir, your Paffado.

*Rom.* Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,

Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,

*Tibalt, Mercutio*, the Prince exprefly hath

Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,

84 Hold *Tylalt*, good *Mercutio*.

*Away* Tybalt.

72. *wouldst*] *woulds* Q<sub>3</sub>, 4,  
 F<sub>1</sub>, 2, 3.

84. *Forbid this*] *Forbid*  
 Q<sub>3</sub>, 4, 5. *Forbidden* F<sub>1</sub>,  
*Verona*] *Verona's* Q<sub>5</sub>.

[Exit Tybalt] F<sub>1</sub>.

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague a both houfes, I am sped,

88 Is he gone and hath nothing.

*Ben.* What art thou hurt?

*Mer.* I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,

Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

*Ro.* Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

92 *Mer.* No tis not fo deepe as a well, nor fo wide as a Church  
 doore, but tis inough, twill ferue: aske for me to morrow, and you  
 shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this  
 world, a plague a both your houfes, sounds a dog, a rat, a moufē,  
 a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggārt, a rogue, a villaine,  
 that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you  
 betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

100 *Ro.* I thought all for the beft.

*Mer.* Helpe me into fome houfe *Benuolio*,

87. *a both*] *a both the* F<sub>1</sub>,  
*of both the* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

88. *nothing*] [?] Q<sub>q</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

95. *peppered*] *pepper'd* F<sub>1</sub>.

96. *a both*] *of both* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.  
*sounds*] *sounds* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*What* F<sub>1</sub>.

98. *deule*] *deule* Q<sub>3</sub>, 4,  
 F<sub>1</sub>, 2. *devil* Q<sub>5</sub>. *devil*  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *Devil* F<sub>4</sub>.

Or

*Rom*: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.  
 My very frend hath tane this mortall wound  
 In my behalfe, my reputation staint  
 With *Tibalts* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre  
 Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*  
 \* Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,  
 And in my temper softens valoris steele.

108

*Enter Benuolio.*

*Ben*: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,  
 That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,  
 Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

112

*Rom*: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend  
 This but begins what other dayes must end.

116

*Enter Tibalt.*

*Ben*: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

*Rom*: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* flaine?

Away to heauen respectiue lenity:

120

And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.

Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,

Which late thou gau'ft me: for *Mercutios* soule,

Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,

And staies for thine to beare him company.

124

Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

*Fight, Tibalt falleſ.*

*Ben*: *Romeo* away, thou feeft that *Tibalt's* flaine,  
 The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

132

*Rom*:

104 Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,  
They haue made wormes meate of me,  
I haue it, and soundly, to your houses.

108 *Ro.* This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,  
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt  
In my behalfe, my reputation staint  
With *Tybalt's* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre  
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Juliet*,  
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Exit.

102. *a both*] *o' both* F4.104. *soundly*,] [.] om. Qq.  
Ff.  
105. *to*] *too* F2, *too*, F3, 4.  
*houses*,] [—] Q4, 5.106. *got this*] *gott his* Q3.  
*got his* Q4, 5. Ff.

Enter Benuolio.

112 *Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,  
That gallant spirit hath aspird the Clowdes,  
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

116 *Ro.* This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,  
This but begins, the wo others must end.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

120 *Ro.* He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,  
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,  
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,  
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,  
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule  
Is but a little way aboue our heads,  
Staying for thine to keepe him companie :  
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

*Ty.* Thou wretched boy that didst cōfōrt him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

128 *Ro.* This shall determine that.

*They Fight.* *Tibalt falleſ.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, away be gone :

The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,  
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,  
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

112. *Mercutio is*] *Mercutio's is* Fr. *Mercutio's*  
Q5, F2, 3, 4.115. *mo*] *moe* Q4. *more*  
Q5, F4.  
*doth*] *doe* F2. *do* F3.  
*does* F4.[Enter *Tybalt*] Ff.116. *begins*,] [.] om. Q5,  
F4.118. *gan*] *gon* Q3, 4, F1, 2.  
*gone* Q5, F3, 4.119. *staine*,] [F] Ff.120. *fier end*] *fier and* Q3.  
*fire and* Q4, 5, F1, 2.121. *fire, and* F3, 4.122. *gauest*] *gai'st* Ff. Q5.*Ro.* O131. *amazed*] *amas'd* Ff.  
Q5.

*Rom* : Ah I am fortunes flaeue.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Citizens.*

*Watch*. Wher's he that flue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vilaine?

136

*Ben* : There is that *Tybalt*.

[*Watch* : Vp]

Vp firra goe with vs.

*Enter Prince, Capolets wife.*

*Pry* : Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

140

*Ben* : Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all  
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere lyes the man flaine by yong *Romeo*,  
That flew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,

144

*M* : *Tibalt, Tybalt*, O my brothers child,  
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt  
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:  
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

148

*Pry* : Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

*Ben* : *Tibalt* heere flaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.  
*Romeo* who spake him fayre bid him bethinke  
How nice the quarrell was.

152

But *Tibalt* still persifting in his wrong,

The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the strome,

Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,  
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

164

And

R<sup>o</sup>. O I am fortunes foole.

B<sup>en</sup>. Why doſt thou ſtay?

*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens.*

C<sup>itti</sup>. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

136 T<sup>y</sup>lb<sup>alt</sup> that mutherer, which way ran he?

B<sup>en</sup>. There lies that *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>*.

C<sup>itti</sup>. Vp fir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,  
their wiues and all.*

140 Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

B<sup>en</sup>. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:

The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,

There lies the man flaine by young *Romeo*,

144 That flew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,

O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild

Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,

148 For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray?

B<sup>en</sup>. *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>* here flaine, whom *Romeos* hand did flay,

152 Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall

Your high diſpleaſure all this vtrerred,

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed

156 Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene

Of *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>* deafe to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,

160 And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates

Cold death afide, and with the other ſends

It backe to *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>*, whose dexteritie

Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,

164 Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

140. *vile*] *wild* F2, 3.

141. *all:*] [:] om. Ff. Q5.

144. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq.  
Ff.

147. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq.  
Ff.

150. *bloudie*] *om.* Ff.

152. *bid*] *bad* Q5.

154. *vtrerred*] *vterred* Qq.  
Ff.

155. *bowed*] *bow'd* Ff.

157. *Tylb<sup>alt</sup>*] *Tybalts* F1.

His

And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,  
 As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.  
 While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,  
 The furious *Tybalt* cast an eniuious thrust,  
 That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.  
 With that he fled, but presently return'd,  
 And with his rapier braued *Romeo* :  
 That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.  
 And ere I could draw forth my rapyer  
 To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,  
 And this way *Romeo* fled.

*Mo* : He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,  
 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife :  
 And all thosse twenty could but kill one life.  
 I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,  
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

168

172

176

180

*Prin* : And for that offence  
 Immediately we doo exile him hence.  
 I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.  
 But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.  
 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,  
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abusess.

188

192

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Iul* : Gallop apace you fierie footed feedes

III. 2

To

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts, And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme, An eniuious thrust from <i>Tybalt</i> , hit the life Of stout <i>Mercutio</i> , and then <i>Tybalt</i> fled, But by and by comes backe to <i>Romeo</i> , Who had but newly entertaind reuenge, And toote they go like lightning, for ere I Could draw to part them, was stout <i>Tybalt</i> slaine : And as he fell, did <i>Romeo</i> turne and flie, This is the truth, or let <i>Benuolio</i> die.	165. <i>aged</i> ] <i>agill</i> Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. <i>able</i> F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
Ca. <i>Wi</i> . He is a kisman to the <i>Mountague</i> , Affection makes him false, he speakes not true : Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife, And all those twentie could but kill one life. I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue : <i>Romeo</i> slew <i>Tybalt</i> , <i>Romeo</i> must not liue.	171. <i>toote</i> ] <i>too't</i> Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. F <sub>1</sub> , 2. <i>to't</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.
Prin. <i>Romeo</i> slew him, he slew <i>Mercutio</i> , Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe. <i>Capu</i> . Not <i>Romeo</i> Prince, he was <i>Mercutios</i> friend, His fault concludes, but what the law should end, The life of <i>Tybalt</i> .	175. <i>kisman</i> ] <i>kinsman</i> Q <sub>4</sub> . F <sub>1</sub> . <i>Mountague</i> ] <i>Mountagues</i> Q <sub>5</sub> .
Prin. And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence : I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding : My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding. But ile amerce you with so stong a fine, That you shall all repent the losse of mine.	182. <i>owe</i> ] [?] Q <sub>3</sub> .
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses, Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abusess. Therefore vse none, let <i>Romeo</i> hence in haft, Else when he is found, that houre is his laft. Beare hence this body, and attend our will, Mercie but murders, pardoning thosse that kill.	183. <i>Capu</i> ] <i>Cap.</i> Q <sub>3</sub> , F <sub>1</sub> . Moun. Q <sub>4</sub> . Mou. Q <sub>5</sub> .
III. 2. <i>Enter Iuliet alone.</i> Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,	192. <i>It will</i> ] <i>I will</i> Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
G	193. <i>out</i> ] <i>our</i> F <sub>1</sub> .
Towards	195. <i>his</i> ] <i>the</i> Q <sub>5</sub> .
<i>Exit.</i>	[ <i>Exeunt.</i> ] F <sub>1</sub> .
ACT III. SCENE 2.	

To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner  
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thither,  
And fend in cloudie night immediately.

4

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder  
of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?  
What hast thou there, the cordes?

*Nur:*

Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner  
 As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weft,  
 And bring in clowdie night immediately.  
 4 Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,  
 That runawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*  
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,  
 8 Louers can see to do their amorous rights,  
 And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,  
 It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,  
 Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,  
 12 And learne me how to loose a winning match,  
 Plaide for a paire of stainleffe maydenhoods.  
 Hood my vnman'd bloud bayting in my cheekes,  
 With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,  
 16 Thinke true loue aeted fimple modeſtie :  
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,  
 For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,  
 Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe :  
 20 Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,  
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,  
 And he will make the face of heauen fo fine,  
 24 That all the world will be in loue with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garifh Sun.  
 O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,  
 But not poſſeſſit, and though I am fold,  
 28 Not yet enioyd, fo tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before ſome festiuall,  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
 And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe with cords.  
 32 And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks  
 But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence :  
 Now Nurſe, what newes ? what haſt thou there,  
 The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

3. *Phaetan*] *Phaeton* Qq.  
Ff.

6. *runawayes*] *run-awayes*  
Q4, 5. Fr. *run-awayes*  
F2, 3. *run-aways* F4.

9. *And by*] *By* Q4, 5.  
F2, 3, 4.

19. *new ſnow upon*] *new  
ſnow on* F2, 3, 4. *ſnow  
upon* Q4, 5.

21. *I*] *he* Q4, 5.

24. *will*] *ſhall* Q5.

34. *there*,] [?] Ff.

Nur. I,

*Nur*: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,  
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

36

*Iul*: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

45

*Nurf*: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

40

*Jul*: This torture shoulde be roard in dismal hell.

46

Can heauens be so enuious?

*Nur*: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I faw the wound, I faw it with mine eyes.  
God faue the sample, on his manly breast:  
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,  
All pale as ashes, I fwounded at the fight.

56

*Iul*: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap  
Hath feuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?  
Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,  
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,  
So soone to funder vs by timeleffe Death?

*Nur*: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best frend I had,  
O honest *Tybalt*, courteous Gentleman.

64

*Iul*: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,  
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:  
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.  
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome  
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

68

*Nur*.

36 *Nur.* I, I, the cords.*Iu.* Ay me what news? why dost thou wring thy hāds?*Nur.* A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

40 Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

*Iu.* Can heauen be so eniuious?*Nur.* Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,

44 Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?

*Iu.* What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in dismall hell,

Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,

48 And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

52 If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.

*Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God sauе the marke, here on his manly brest,

56 A piteous coarse, a bloudie piteous coarse,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,

All in goare bloud, I founded at the fight.

60 *Iu.* O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,  
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo preffe on heauie beare.

64 *Nur.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,  
O curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,  
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.*Iu.* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is Romeo slaughtryed? and is Tybalt dead?

68 My deareft Cozen, and my dearer Lord,  
Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,  
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?38. *weraday*] *weladay* Qq.  
F<sub>3</sub>, 4. *welady* Fr. 2.  
*hees dead*] Twice only Ff.46. *rored*] *roar'd* Ff.49. *death arting*] *death-*  
*darting* Qq. Ff.50. *an I.*] [,] Q5.51. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.53. *Briefe, sounds,*] [, ,]  
om. Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>4</sub>.  
*my*] *of my* Ff. Q<sub>5</sub>.57. *bedawbde*] *bedawde*  
Q<sub>4</sub>. *bedawd* Q<sub>5</sub>.58. *sounded*] *swooned* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*swooned* F<sub>4</sub>.59. *banckrout*] *bankrupt*  
Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>4</sub>.61. *too*] to Qq. Ff.62. *on*] *one* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5, F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.  
*beare*] *beere* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5, F<sub>1</sub>, 2.  
*beer* F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

*Nur* : *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,  
*Romeo* that murdred him is banished.

*Iul* : Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalt* blood?

*Nur* : It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

*Iul* : O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face :

72

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,  
 So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo* ?

*Nur* : There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men :  
 All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.

88

Shame come to *Romeo*.

*Iul* : A blifter on that tung, he was not borne to shame :

92

Vpon his face Shame is ashame to sit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen ?  
 That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.

104

All

72 Romeo that kild him he is banished.	Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished, Iuli. O God, did Romeos hand shead Tibalts bloud?	73. Iuli. O God] Separate line Ff. did] Nur. Did F <sub>2</sub> , 3.
76 Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Cauē?	Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face. Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall :	74. It did] Nur. It did Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>4</sub> . 75. Nur.] Jul. F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4. Q <sub>5</sub> .
80 Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'ft,	Rauenous douefatherd rauē, woluish rauening lamb, Despised substance of diuineſt ſhowe :	76. Iu.] om. F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4. Q <sub>5</sub> . 78. Two lines Ff., the first ending rauen.
84 A dimme saint, an honourable villaine :	O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,	douefatherd] Doue-fa- therd F <sub>1</sub> . doue,feathred Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. Doue, feather'd F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
88 In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweete flesh ?	Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter So fairely bound ? ô that deceit ſhould dwell	81. dimme] dimne F <sub>1</sub> . damned Q <sub>4</sub> , 5, F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
92 In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.	Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men, All periurde, all foriworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,	83. bower] þower Q <sub>4</sub> . poure Q <sub>5</sub> .
96 Ah wheres my man ? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ :	Ah wheres my man ? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ :	93. Blifterd] Blistered Q <sub>q</sub> .
100 These griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old, Shame come to Romeo.	These griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old, Shame come to Romeo.	98. at him] him F <sub>1</sub> . him so F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
104 Iu. Blifterd be thy tongue For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to shame :	Iu. Blifterd be thy tongue For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to shame :	
Ah vpon his brow shame is afham'd to ſit :	Ah vpon his brow shame is afham'd to ſit :	
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.	For tis a throane where honour may be crownd Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.	
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him ?	O what a beaſt was I to chide at him ?	
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin ?	Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin ?	
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband ?	Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband ?	
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,	Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,	
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it ?	When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it ?	
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin ?	But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin ?	
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband :	That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband :	
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natvie ſpring,	Backe foolish teares, backe to your natvie ſpring,	
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,	Your tributarie drops belong to woe,	

All this is comfort. But there yet remaines

VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget :  
But ah, it preffleth to my memorie,

112

*Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished

116

Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,  
All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banished.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse ?

*Nur* : VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalt*s coarse.

\* VVill you goe to them ?

*Iul* : I, I, when theirs are spent,  
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.

132

*Nur* :

108 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,  
 My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue flaine,  
 And *Tybalt*s dead that would haue slain my husband :  
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ?  
 Some word there was, worser then *Tybalt*s death  
 112 That murded me, I would forget it faine,  
 But oh it preffes to my memorie,  
 Like damned guiltie deeds to finners mindes,  
*Tybalt* is dead and *Romeo* banished :  
 116 That banished, that one word banished,  
 Hath flaine ten thousand *Tybalt*s : *Tybalt*s death  
 Was woe inough if it had ended there :  
 Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,  
 120 And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,  
 Why followed not when she said *Tybalt*s dead,  
 Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,  
 Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,  
 124 But with a rearward following *Tybalt*s death,  
*Romeo* is banished : to speake that word,  
 Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,  
 All flaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,  
 128 There is no end, no limit, measure bound,  
 In that words death, no words can that woe found.  
 Where is my father and my mother Nurse ?  
*Nur.* Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalt*s course,  
 132 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.  
*Iu.* Waih they his wounds with teares ? mine shall be  
 When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spent,  
 Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,  
 136 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde :  
 He made you for a highway to my bed,  
 But I a maide, die maiden widowed.  
 Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,  
 140 And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.

*Nur.* Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*  
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is :

109. *Tybalt*s] *Tibalt* Ff.  
 slain] kil'd F2. kill'd  
 F3. 4.

111. word there was] words  
 there was Q3, 4. F1.  
 words there were Q5.

112. murded] murdered  
 Q4, F1, 3, 4.

121. followed] fellow'd Q5.

123. moued] mou'd Ff. Q5.

124. rearward] rere-ward  
 Ff. rereward Q5.

128. measure] [,] Qq. Ff.

131. course] coarse Ff. Q5.  
 corse Q4.

133. teares?] [,] Q3, 4, Ff.  
 [,] Q5.

136. I] [,] Q5, F3, 4

137. a] an F4.

139. cordes] cord Qq. Ff.

Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,  
Hle to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. Exeunt.

144

*Enter Frier.*

III. 3

Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,  
Affliction is enamoured on thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to Calamie.

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,  
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,  
VVhich yet we know not.

Fr: Too familiar  
Is my yong sonne with such fowre companie:  
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

4

8

Rom: VVhat leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,  
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

12

Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:  
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,  
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

16

Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.  
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:  
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,

20

Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

24

Fr: Oh monstrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes:  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince  
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,  
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:

28

\*

This

144 Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,  
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence Cell*.

*Iu.* O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

*Exit.*

III. 3. *Enter Frier and Romeo.*

*Fri.* *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,  
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts:  
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

*Ro.* Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?  
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar

8 Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?  
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

*Ro.* What leffe then doomesday is the Princes doome?

*Fri.* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,  
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

*Rom.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:  
For exile hath more terror in his looke,  
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

*Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Ro.* There is no world without *Verona* walls,  
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:  
Hence banished, is blanisht from the world.  
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,  
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,  
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin, & rude vnthankfulnes,  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince  
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,  
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

Act III. SCENE 3.

5. *acquaintance*] *admit-  
tance* F4.

11. *gentler*] *gentle* F4.

20. *blanisht*] *banisht* Qq.  
Ff.

24. *smilest*] *smil'st* Q5,  
F3, 4.

This

This is meere mercie, and thou feest it not.

*Rom:* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere  
Where *Juliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,  
And little moufe, euerie vnworthie thing  
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,  
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,  
More honourable stafe, more courtship liues  
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may feaze  
On the white wonder of faire *Juliet*s skinne,  
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;

32

36

44

48

52

56

60

64

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.  
Oh Father hadst thou no stong poysen mixt,  
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,  
Though nere so meane, but banishment  
To torture me withall: ah, banished.  
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:  
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,  
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,  
A finne absoluer, and my frend profest,  
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

*Fr:* Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.

*Rom:* O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

*Fr:* Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,  
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,  
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

*Rom:* Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,  
Vnleffe philosophie can make a *Juliet*,  
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,  
It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

*Fr:* O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

*Rom:* How shoulde they, when that wife men haue no  
eyes.

*Fr:*

This is deare mercie, and thou feest it not.

*Ro.* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here

Where *Juliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,

32 And little mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues

36 In carrion flies, then *Romeo* : they may feaze

On the white wonder of deare *Juliet* s hand,

And steale immortall bleffing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vestall modeftie

40 Still blush, as thinking their owne kiffes fin.

This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,

And fayest thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

44 Flies may do this, but I from this must flie :

They are freemen, but I am banished.

Hadft thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

48 But banished to kill me: Banished?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell :

Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart

Being a Diuine, a ghofly Confessor,

52 A fin obsoluer, and my friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banished?

*Fri.* Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.

*Ro.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

56 *Fri.* Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee though thou art banished.

*Ro.* Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,

60 Vnleffe Philosophie can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

*Fri.* O then I fee, that mad man haue no eares.

64 *Ro.* How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.

*Fri.* Let

36. *seaze*] seize F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

38. *blessing*] blessings F<sub>4</sub>.

42. *sayest*] saist Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>.

44, 45. om. F<sub>2</sub>.

50. *Howlingattends*] Howlings attends F<sub>1</sub>. Howlings attend F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

52. *sin obsoluer*] Sin-Ab soluer F<sub>2</sub>.

54. *Then*] Thou Q<sub>2</sub>, 5. om. F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4. *a little*] om. F<sub>2</sub>.

63. *man*] men Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>.

64. *that*] om. Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>.

*Fr*: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom*: Thou canst not speak of what thou doft not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy Loue,

An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightſt thou ſpeakē, then mightſt thou teare thy  
hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

*Nurſe knockes.*

*Fr*: *Romeo* arife, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, arife and get thee gone.

*Nu*: Hoe Fryer.

*Fr*: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

*Shee knockes againe.*

*Nur*: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

*Fr*: By and by I come. Who is there?

*Nur*: One from Lady *Juliet*.

*Fr*: Then come neare.

*Nur*: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,

Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

*Fr*: There on the ground, with his owne teares made  
drunke.

*Nur*: Oh he is euen in my Mistrefſe caſe.

Iuft in her caſe. Oh wofull ſympathy,

Pitteous predicanſt, euen fo lyes ſhee,

Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping.

Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man.

For *Juliet*ſ sake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,

Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O.

*He riſes.*

*Romeo*: Nurſe.

68

72

80

84

88

92

96

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate:

*Ro.* Thou canst not speak of that thou doſt not feele,

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy loue,

68 An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,

Then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,

72 And fall vpon the ground as I do now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

*Enter Nurse, and knocke.*

*Fri.* Arife one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.

*Ro.* Not I, vnlaffe the breath of hartſicke grones,

76 Myſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

*They knocke.*

*Fri.* Hark how they knock (whoe there) *Romeo* arife,

Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp.

*Slud knock.*

Run to my ſtudie by and by, Gods will

80 What ſimplenes is this? I come, I come.

*Knocke.*

Who knocks ſo hard? whēce come you? whats your will?

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nur.* Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

84 *Fri.* Welcome then.

*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Wheres my Ladys Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

*Fri.* There on the ground,

88 With his owne teares made drunke.

*Nur.* O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,

Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:

Pitious prediſtination, euen ſo lies ſhe,

92 Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,

For *Juliet*s fake, for her fake riſe and ſtand:

Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?

96 *Rom.* Nurse.

*Nur.* Ah

67. *as I, Juliet thy*] as  
*Juliet my Ff.*

70. *mightest*] *mightſt* Q5.  
F3, 4.

[Enter . . . knockes]  
Q3, Ff. [Nurse knocks.]  
Q4, 5.

75. *hartſicke*] *heartſicke*  
Q4, 5, F4.

[Knocke.] Q4, 5, Ff.

77. *whoe*] *who's* Q4, 5, Ff.

78. *(ſtay a while)* Q4, 5.

[Knocke againe.] Q4, 5.  
[Knocke.] Ff.

79. *(by and by)* Q4, 5.

82. *errant*] *errand* Q4, 5.  
Ff.

*Nur*: Ah fir, ah fir. Wel death's the end of all.  
*Rom*: Spakest thou of *Juliet*, how is it with her?  
 Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,  
 Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,  
 With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?  
 Where is she? and how doth she? And what fayes  
 My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?

*Nur*: Oh shee faith nothing, but weepes and pules,  
 And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,  
 And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

*Rom*: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun  
 Did murder her, as that names cursed hand  
 Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer  
 In what vile part of this Anatomy  
 Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may facke  
 The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches  
 the dagger away.*

*Nur*: Ah?

*Fr*: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme  
 Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde astes denote  
 The vnfesonable furyes of a beast.  
 Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,  
 Or ill beseeeming beast in seeming both.  
 Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temperd,  
 Haft thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou flay thy selfe?  
 And flay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

100

104

108

112

115

120

100 *Nur.* Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

104 *Ro.* Spakeſt thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

Doth not ſhe thinkē me an old murtherer,

Now I haue ſtained the childhood of our ioy,

With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?

Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes

My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

108 *Nur.* Oh ſhe ſayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,

And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,

And then downe falls againe.

112 *Ro.* As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,

Did murther her, as that names cursed hand

Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

116 Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may facke

The hatefull mansion.

120 *Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

124 Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote

The vnreafonable furie of a beaſt.

Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,

And ilbefeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,

Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.

Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?

And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

128 By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?

Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.

Fie, fie, thou ſhamest thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,

Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:

And vſeft none in that true vſe indeed,

Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:

132 Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,

97. deaths] death is Q5.

98. Spakeſt] Speakſt Ff.

Spak'ſt Q5.

is it] iſt Q5, iſt F4.

99. not ſhe] ſhe not Q5.

100. childhood] child-head

Q5.

101. remoued] remov'd Q5.

103. canceld] conceal'd Ff.

116. deuote] denote Q4, 5,  
F1. doe note F2. do  
note F3, 4.

123. lies] lives F4.

125. rayleſt] raylſt Ff.  
Q5.

127. looſe] loſe Q5, F3, 4.

128. ſhamest] sham'ſt Q5,  
Ff.

129. a] an Q5, F4.

Roufe vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Juliet* liues,  
 For whose sweete sake thou wert but lately dead :  
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,  
 But thou fluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.

144

A packe of bleffings lights vpon thy backe,  
 Happines Courts thee in his beft array :  
 But like a misbehaude and fullen wench  
 Thou frownſt vpon thy Fate that ſimiles on thee.  
 Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.  
 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :  
 Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,  
 But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be fet :  
 For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.

148

152

Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,  
 Comfort thy Mistrefſe, haſte the houſe to bed,  
 Which heauy forrow makes them apt vnto.

*Nur* : Good Lord what a thing learning is.  
 I could haue ſtayde heere all this night  
 To heare good counſell. Well Sir,  
 Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

*Rom* : Doe ſo and bidde my ſweete prepare to childe,  
 Farwell good Nurſe.

168

Nurſe

136 Digressing from the valour of a man,  
 Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,  
 Killing that loue which thou haft vowd to cherish,  
 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,  
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both :  
 Like powder in a skilleffe fouldiers flaske,  
 Is fet a fier by thine owne ignorance,  
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.  
 140 What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,  
 For whose deare sake thou waſt but lately dead.  
 There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,  
 144 But thou flewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.  
 The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,  
 And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.  
 A packe of blesſings light vpon thy backe,  
 148 Happines courts thee in her beſt array,  
 But like a mishaued and fullen wench,  
 Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue :  
 Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miserable.  
 152 Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :  
 But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,  
 For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,  
 156 Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,  
 With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy  
 Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.  
 Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,  
 160 And bid her haſten all the house to bed,  
 Which heauie forrow makes them apt vnto,  
 Romeo is comming.  
 Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,  
 To heare good counſell, oh what learning is :  
 My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.  
 164 Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.  
 Nur. Here

139. *a fier*] on fire Q5.

144. *slewſt*] slewſt Ff.  
*happie*] happy too F2, 3, 4.  
 145. *becomes*] became Ff.  
 146. *turnes*] turne Q3.  
*turn'd* Ff.  
 147. *light*] lights Q4.

149. *mishaued*] misbe-  
 hau'd Q4, 5.  
 150. *puts vp*] powts upon  
 Q4. *powtſt upon* Q5.  
*puttest vp* Ff.

158. *the*] thy Q3, Ff.165. *the*] om. Ff.

*Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.*

*Nur* : Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,  
*Rom* : How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

*Exit Nurse.*

*Fr* : Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,  
 And he shall signifie from time to time :  
 Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.  
 Farwell.

*Rom* : But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,  
 It were a grieve so breefe to part with thee.

176

180

III. 4

*Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with  
 County Paris.*

*Cap* : Thinges haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,  
 That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.  
 Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,  
 And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,  
 Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber ?  
 I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

8

*Par* : These times of woe affoord no time to wooo,  
 Maddam farewell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet  
 calleth him againe.*

12

*Cap* : Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.  
 I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee :

But soft what day is this?

*Par* : Munday my Lord.

*Cap* : Oh then Wensday is too foone,  
 On Thursday let it be : you shall be maried.

20

Wee'le

172 *Nur.* Here fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir :  
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.

169. *bid*] *bids* Q4. 5.

*Ro.* How well my comfort is reui'd by this.

172 *Fri.* Go hece, goodnight, & here stands al your state :  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,  
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,  
176 And he shall signifie from time to time,  
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here :  
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

174. *disguise*] *disguis'd*  
Qq. Ff.

180 *Ro.* But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,  
It were a grieve, so briefe to part with thee :  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

III. 4.

*Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.*

ACT III. SCENE 4.

4 *Ca.* Things haue falne out fir so vnluckily,  
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,  
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely  
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.  
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night :  
I promise you, but for your companie,  
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

8 *Paris.* These times of wo affoord no times to woe :  
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

*La.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow,  
To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

11. *shees*] *she is* Qq. Ff.

12 *Ca.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my childe loue : I thinke she will me rulde  
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,  
16 Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,  
And bid her, marke you me ? on wendsday next.  
But soft, what day is this ?

13. *me*] *be* Qq. Ff.16. *here, of*] *hereof*, Q3.  
*here of* Q4, F3, 4. *here*  
*with* Q5.  
17. *next, ] [*] Qq. Ff.

*Pa.* Monday my Lord.

20 *Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone,  
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her

Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:  
 For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being flaine so lately,  
 It will be thought we held him careleflye:  
 If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue  
 Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.  
 But what say you to Thursday.

24

*Par.*: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-  
 row.

28

*Cap.*: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to  
 bed.

32

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,  
 Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.  
 Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.  
 Afore me it is so very very late,  
 That we may call it earely by and by.

*Exeunt.*

III. 5.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.*

*Jul.*: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,  
 It was the Nightingale and not the Larke  
 That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:  
 Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,  
 Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

4

*Rom.*: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,  
 And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes  
 Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder East.  
 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day  
 Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.  
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

8

*Jul.*: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:  
 It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,  
 To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.  
 Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe foone.

12

*Rom.*: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:  
 If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.  
 Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,

16

It

	She shall be married to this noble Earle : Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?	
24	Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two, For harke you, <i>Tybalt</i> being flaine so late, It may be thought we held him carelesly Being our kinfman, if we reuell much :	24. <i>Well, keepe</i> ] <i>Weele</i> <i>keepe</i> Q <sub>3</sub> , 4, F <sub>1</sub> , 2. ( <i>Wee'll</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , <i>Wee'l</i> F <sub>3</sub> , 4.)
28	Therefore weeble haue some halfe a doozen friends, And there an end, but what say you to Thurſday ?	28. <i>doozen</i> ] <i>dozen</i> Q <sub>q</sub> . F <sub>f</sub> .
	<i>Paris.</i> My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.	
	<i>Ca.</i> Well get you gone, a Thurſday be it then :	
32	Go you to <i>Juliet</i> ere you go to bed, Prepare her wife, against this wedding day. Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,	
	Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,	35. <i>very</i> ] om. F <sub>f</sub> .
36	Goodnight.	

*Exeunt.*

III. 5.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*

	<i>Iu.</i> Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet neare day : It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke, That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare, Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree, Bleeeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.	1. <i>It . . . day</i> ] om. F <sub>2</sub> , 3, 4.
4	<i>Rom.</i> It was the Larke the herald of the morne, No Nightingale, looke loue what eniuious ſtreakes	
8	Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt : Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day	9. <i>iocand</i> ] <i>iocond</i> Q <sub>3</sub> , 4, F <sub>1</sub> , 2. <i>iocond</i> Q <sub>5</sub> , F <sub>3</sub> . <i>iocund</i> F <sub>4</sub> .
	Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops,	10. <i>tipto</i> ] <i>tip-toe</i> Q <sub>4</sub> , 5. <i>tiptoe</i> F <sub>4</sub> .
	I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.	<i>Mountaine</i> ] <i>Mountaines</i> Q <sub>q</sub> . F <sub>f</sub> .
12	<i>Iu.</i> Yond light is not daylight, I know it I : It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhale,	13. <i>exhale</i> ] <i>exhales</i> Q <sub>3</sub> , 4, F <sub>f</sub> .
	To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,	
	And light thee on thy way to <i>Mantua</i> .	
16	Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.	16. <i>yet</i> ] [,] om. F <sub>4</sub> . <i>needſt not to be</i> ] <i>needest</i> <i>not be</i> Q <sub>5</sub> .
	<i>Ro.</i> Let me be tane, let me be put to death,	
	I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it fo.	
	Ile ſay yon gray is not the the mornings eye,	19. <i>the the</i> ] <i>the</i> Q <sub>q</sub> . F <sub>f</sub> .

Tis

It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.  
 Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates  
 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,  
 And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.  
 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.  
 What fayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

*Jul:* It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.  
 It is the Larke that fings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.  
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:  
 This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.  
 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,  
 I would that now they had changd voyces too:  
 Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.  
 So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

*Rom:* More light and light, more darke and darke our  
 woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kiffe and Ile descend.

*He goeth downe.*

*Jul:* Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?  
 I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:  
 For in an hower there are manie minutes,  
 Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:  
 Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
 Ere I see thee againe.

*Rom:* Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie  
 That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

*Iul:* Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

*Rom:* No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall ferue  
 For sweete discourses in the time to come.

*Jul:*

20 Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.  
 Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate  
 The vaultie heaven so high aboue our heads,  
 I haue more care to stay then will to go:  
 24 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.  
 How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.

*Iu.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:  
 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,  
 28 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.  
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:  
 This doth not so: for the diuideth vs.  
 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,  
 32 O now I would they had changd voyces too:  
 Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,  
 Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.  
 O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

36 *Romeo.* More light and light, more darke and darke our  
 woes.

*Enter Madame and Nurse.*

*Nur.* Madam.

*Iu.* Nurse.

40 *Nur.* Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,  
 The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

*Iuli.* Then window let day in, and let life out.

*Ro.* Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

44 *Iu.* Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,  
 I must heare from thee every day in the houre,  
 For in a minute there are many dayes,  
 O by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
 48 Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* Farewell:

I will omit no opportunitie,  
 That may convey my greetings loue to thee.

52 *Iu.* O thinkst thou we shall euer meeete againe?

*Rom.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue  
 For sweete discourses in our times to come.

22. *heauen*] *heavens* F<sub>3</sub>, 4.

25. *talke*] [,] Q<sub>4</sub>, 5, F<sub>f</sub>.

44. *so*] [,] Q<sub>3</sub>. [?] F<sub>f</sub>.  
*ay*] *ah* F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4

52. *thinkst*] *thinkest* Q<sub>3</sub>, 4,  
*Ff.*

54. *times*] *time* Q<sub>4</sub>, F<sub>f</sub>.

*Jul:* Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.  
 Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below  
 Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:  
 Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

*Rom:* And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,  
 Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu.

*Exit.*

56

60

*Enter Nurse hastily.*

*Nur:* Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,  
 Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

*She goeth downe from the window.**Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.**Moth:* Where are you Daughter?*Nur:* What Ladie, Lambe, what *Juliet*?*Iul:* How now, who calls?*Nur:* It is your Mother.*Moth:* Why how now *Juliet*?*Iul:* Madam, I am not well.

*Moth:* What euermore weeping for your Cofens death:  
 I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

72

*Iul:* I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.*Moth:* I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

*Iul:* What Villaine Madame?*Moth:* That Villaine Romeo.*Iul:* Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

84

*Moth:*

56      *Ro.* O God I haue an ill diuining soule,  
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,  
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,  
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

60      *Rom.* And trust me loue, in my eye so do you :  
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

*Exit.*

64      *Iu.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,  
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him  
That is renoumd for faith ? be fickle Fortune :  
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,  
But ſend him backe.

*Enter Mother.*

68      *La.* Ho daughter, are you vp ?  
*Iu.* Who iſt that calls ? It is my Lady mother.  
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early ?  
What vnaccustomd cauſe procures her hither ?

72      *La.* Why how now *Juliet* ?  
*Iu.* Madam I am not well.  
*La.* Euermore weeping for your Cozens death ?  
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares ?  
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue :  
Therfore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewſ much of loue,  
But much of greefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.

76      *Iu.* Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.  
*La.* So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend  
Which you weepe for.

80      *Iu.* Feeling ſo the loſſe,  
I cannot chufe but euer weepe the friend.

84      *La.* Wel gyrtle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,  
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughterd him.

*Iu.* What villaine Madam ?

*La.* That fame villaine *Romeo*.

88      *Iu.* Villaine and he be many miles a funder :  
God padon, I do with all my heart :  
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

55. *Ro.*] Jul. Q4, 5, Ff.  
56. *thee now,*] [,] om. Q5.  
58. *lookest*] *look'ſt* Ff. Q5.

63. *renoumd*] *renowm'd*  
64. *renown'd* Q5, Ff.

67. *It is*] *Is it* Ff.  
*mother,*] [?] F2, 3, 4.

73. *What*] [?] Q5.

83. *slaughterd*] *slaughtered*  
Qq.

86. *a Sunder*] *assunder*  
F1, 2, 3. *asunder*. Q5,  
F4.

87. *padon*] *pardon* Q3, F1.  
*pardon him* Q4, 5, F2,  
3, 4.

*La.* That

*Moth*: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man  
I foone would send to *Mantua* where he is,

That should bestow on him so fure a draught,  
As he should soone bearé *Tybalt* companie.

96

*Iul*: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man :  
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light  
Till I beheld him, dead is my poore heart.  
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

108

100

(newes?)

*Moth*: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

*Iul*: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

*Moth*: Well then, thou haft a carefull Father Girle,  
And one who pittyng thy needfull state,  
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

\* *Iul*: What day is that I pray you ?

116

*Moth*: Marry my Childe,

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,  
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,  
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,  
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

120

*Iul*: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,  
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.

Are

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands :  
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

92 La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.  
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,  
Where that same bannisht runnagate doth liue,  
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,  
96 That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie :  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied  
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead  
100 Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext :  
Madam if you could find out but a man  
To beare a poysen, I would temper it :  
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,  
104 Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors  
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,  
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,  
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.

108 Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,  
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needie time,  
What are they, beseech your Ladyship ?

112 M. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,  
One who to put thee from thy heauines,  
Hath forted out a sudden day of ioy,  
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

116 Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that ?

M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,  
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,  
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,  
120 Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,  
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.  
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed  
124 Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe :

89. murderer] om. Qq. Ff.

106. Cozen,] Cozin, *Tybalt*  
F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.  
107. slaughterd] slaughterd  
Q<sub>3</sub>, 4.

111. beseech] I beseech Q<sub>4</sub>, 5,  
F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4.

116. that] this Ff.

120. happily] happily Q<sub>3</sub>, 4.  
there] om. Ff.  
121. S.] Saint Qq. Ff.

124. should] must Q<sub>5</sub>.

I pray

Are these the newes you had to tell me of?  
 Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie  
 yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,  
 Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

128

*Enter olde Capolet.*

*Moth*: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

*Capo*: Why how now, euermore showring?  
 In one little bodie thou resemblest a fea, a barke, a storme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,  
 Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,  
 And tost with fighes arising from thy hart:  
 Will without succour shipwracke presently.  
 But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies  
 she to it?

*Moth*: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:  
 VVould God that she were married to her graue.

140

144

*Capo*: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth  
 she not wexe proud?

*Iul*: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:  
 Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,  
 But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

152

*Capo*: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,  
 And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.  
 Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,  
 But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next  
 To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church,  
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

156

Out

128 I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,  
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I fweare  
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate  
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

*M.* Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:  
And fee how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

132 *Ca.* When the Sun sets, the earth doth driflē deaw,  
But for the Sunset of my brothers sounē,  
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears  
Euermore showring in one litle body?  
Thou countefaitis. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:  
136 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:  
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy fighes,  
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,  
140 Without a sudden calme will ouerset  
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,  
Haue you deliuuered to her our decree?

144 *La.* I fir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,  
I would the foole were married to her graue.

148 *Ca.* Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,  
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bleſt,  
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought  
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

152 *Iu.* Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:  
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,  
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

156 *Ca.* How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?  
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,  
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?  
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thursday next,  
To go with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

131. *earth*] ayre Q4. *aire*  
*Q5.*

133. *It . . . downright*] se-  
paratē line Ff.  
*now*] [?] Ff.  
*tears*] [?] Q4. [?] Ff.

134. *showring*] [:] Q4. [?] Q5.  
*body*?] [?] om. Q5.

135. *Thou countefaitis.* A]  
(—terfaſis. A Q3. —ter-  
feiſts, a Q4. —terfeiſtſt  
a Q5. —terfeiſts a F1.  
—terfeiſts a F2.) *Thy*  
*counterfeiſts* a F3. (—ter-  
feiſtſt a F4.)

137. *is :]* is F1. om. F2,  
3. 4.

139. *thy*] the Ff.  
141. *wife,*] wise, Q4.  
*wife*?] Q5. Ff.

143. *giue*] giues Qq. Ff.  
*thankes,*] [?] Q5. [?] F4.

146. *How*] [,] Ff. [?] Q5.

149. *Bride*] Bridegroom  
Qq. Ff.

152. *that is meant*] that's  
meant in Q5.

153. *How, how, howhow,*]  
*How now, how now,*  
Q3. 4. *How now?* *How*  
*now*?] Q5. Ff.

155. *And . . . you*] om. Ff.  
*proud*] [:] Q4. 5.  
*you*?] , you, Q5.

157. *fettle*] settle F2, 3. 4.

\* Out you greene ficknes baggage, out you tallow face. 160

Iu.: Good father heare me speake? 164

*She kneels downe.*

*Cap.:* I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next  
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:  
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.  
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.  
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest  
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her. 172

*Nur.:* Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,  
You are too blame to rate her so. 176

*Cap.* And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,  
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe. 176

*Nur.:* Why my Lord I speake no treason.

*Cap.:* Oh godde godden.

Vtter your granity ouer a goffips boule,  
For heere we need it not. 184

*Mo.:* My Lord ye are too hotte.

*Cap.:* Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,  
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,  
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht. 188

And hauing now found out a Gentleman,  
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.  
Stuff as they say with honorable parts,  
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man: 192

And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,  
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,  
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon  
mee? 196

But

160 Out you greene ficknesse carriorn, out you baggage,  
You tallow face.

161. You] Out you F4.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my kuees,

164 Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,

I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,

Or neuer after looke me in the face.

168 Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me.

My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,

That God had lent vs but this onely childe,

But now I ſee this one is one too much,

172 And that we haue a curse in hauing her :

Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her :

You are to blame my Lord to rate her fo.

176 Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,

Good Prudence ſmarter, with your goffips go.

Nur. I ſpeake no treason,

Father, ô Godigeden,

180 May not one ſpeake ?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,

Vtter your grauitie ore a Gofhips bowle,

For here we need it not.

184 Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,

Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,

Alone in compagnie, ſtill my care hath bene

188 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided

A Gentleman of noble parentage,

Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,

Stuff as they ſay, with honourable parts,

192 Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man,

And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,

To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue :

196 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But

160. itch, wife,] itch, wife:  
Ff. itch: Wife, Q5.

177. Prudence ſmarter,]  
Prudence, ſmarter Q3, 4.  
Ff. Prudence ſmarter  
Q5.

goffips] goffips, Qq. gos-  
ſip, Ff.

179. Father, ô Godigeden,]  
Fa. O Godigeden, Q4, 5.  
O Godigeden, F2, 3. O  
God gi' goede en F4.

180. May] Nur. May  
Q4, 5.

190. liand] allied Qq. Ff.

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.  
 Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to ieſt.

\*

I tell yee what, Thurfday is neere,  
 Lay hand on heart, aduife, bethinke your ſelfe,  
 If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend :  
 If not, hang, drowne, ſtarue, beg,  
 Dye in the ſtretees : for by my Soule  
 Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,  
 Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vſe to ieſt.

200

Exit.

*Inl*: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,  
 That lookeſ into the bottom of my woes ?  
 I doe beſeech you Madame, caſt me not away,  
 Defer this mariage for a day or two,  
 Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed  
 In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyſeſ.

204

*Moth*: Nay be auſſured I will not ſpeake a word.  
 Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

212

Exit.

*Iul*: Ah Nurſe what comfort ? what counſell canſt thou  
 giue me.

*Nur*: Now truſt me Madame, I know not what to ſay :  
 Your *Romeo* he is banifted, and all the world to nothing  
 He neuer dares returne to challenge you.

224

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,  
 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a diſhclout  
 In reſpect of him. I promife you

228

200 But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,  
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.  
 Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduife,  
 And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,  
 And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,  
 For by my foulē ile nere acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good :  
 Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be foriworne.

204. *never*] ever Q4, 5.*Exit.*

208 *Iu.* Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes  
 That fees into the bottome of my greefe ?  
 O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,  
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed  
 In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

212 *Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,  
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

*Exit.*

216 *Iu.* O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented ?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,  
 How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,  
 Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,  
 By leauing earth ? comfort me, counſaile me :  
 Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagemſ  
 220 Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubieſt as my ſelfe.  
 What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy ?  
 Some comfort Nurſe.

224 *Nur.* Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to  
 That he dares nere come back to challenge you : (nothing,  
 Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealthe.  
 Then ſince the cafe ſo ſtands as now it doth,  
 I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,

228 O hees a louely Gentleman :

*Romios* a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam  
 Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye  
 As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

223. *Faith . . . is,*] ſepar-  
ate line Ff.227. *Countie*] count F2,3,4.229. *Romios*] *Romeos* Q3,  
4, F1, 2. *Romeo's* Q5,  
F3, 4.231. *beſhrow*] *beſhrew* Q5,  
F4.

I think you happy in this seconde match.  
As for your husband he is dead:  
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.  
*Iul:* Speakst thou this from thy heart?  
*Nur:* I and from my soule, or els besrew them both.  
*Iul:* Amen.  
*Nur:* What say you Madame?  
*Iul:* Well, thou haft comforted me wondrous much,  
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother  
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.  
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confess me,  
And to be absolu'd.  
*Nur:* I will, and this is wisely done.

232

236

240

244

*She lookes after Nurse.*

*Iul:* Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.  
Is it more finne to wish me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe fame tongue  
That thou haft praisde him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.  
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

*Exit.*

252

IV. I.

*Fr:* On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,  
*Par:* My Father Capulet will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slacke to slow his haft.

*Fr:* You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?  
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

4

*Par:* Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,  
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:  
That she doth give her sorrow so much fway.  
And in his wisedome hafts our mariage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.

8

12

Now

232 I thinke you are happie in this seconde match,  
For it excels your first, or if it did not,  
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,  
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.

236 *Iu.* Speakst thou from thy heart?

*Nur.* And from my soule too, else beshrew them both.

*Iu.* Amen.

*Nur.* What?

240 *Iu.* Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,  
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,  
Hauing displeaſ'd my father, to *Laurence Cell*,  
To make confession, and to be obſolu'd.

244 *Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

*Iu.* Auncient damnation, & moſt wicked fiend,  
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,  
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,  
248 Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,  
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,  
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:  
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,  
252 If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.

*Exit.*

IV. I.

*Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

*Fri.* On Thurfday fir: the time is very ſhort.

*Par.* My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,  
And I am nothing ſlow to flacke his hafe.

4 *Fri.* You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?  
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,  
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,  
8 For *Venus* ſmiles not in a house of teares.  
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous  
That the do giue her forrow ſo much fway:  
And in his wifedome haftes our marriage,  
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.

12 Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone  
May be put from her by ſocietie.

Now

236. *Speakſt*] *Speakeſt* Qq.  
Ff.

237. *elſe*] *or elſe* Qq. Ff.  
Two lines, *And... too*  
*Or elſe... both*, Ff.

240. *maruellous*] *maruelous* F1.  
*marv'loous* F2,  
3. 4

243. *obſolu'd*] *absolu'd* Qq.  
F1, 2, 3. *Absolved* F4.

244. *[Exit.]* Q4, 5, F2, 3. 4.

*[Exeunt]* Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE I.  
[Count F2, 3, 4.]

7. *talke*] *talkt* Q5.

10. *do*] *doth* Qq. F1, 2.  
*ſhould* F3, 4.

Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.

*Fr:* I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

*Enter Paris.*

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

*Par:* Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:

*Iu:* That may be fir, when I may be a wife,

*Par:* That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.

*Iu:* What must be shalbe. .

*Fr:* Thats a certaine text.

*Par:* What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

*Iu:* To tell you that were to confessē to you.

*Par:* Do not deny to him that you loue me.

*Iul:* I will confessē to you that I loue him,

*Par:* So I am sure you will that you loue me.

*Iu:* And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

*Par:* Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.

*Iu:* The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par:* Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

*Iu:* That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

*Par:* Thy face is mine and thou haft flaundred it.

*Iu:* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at euening Massē?

*Fr:* My leasure serues me penisue daughter now.

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

*Par:* God sheild I shoulde disturbe deuotion,

*Iuliet* farewell, and keep this holy kisſe.

16

20

24

28

32

36

40

44

*Exit Paris.*

*Iu:* Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,  
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

*Fr:* Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy grieve,

I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,

On

	Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.	15. haſte.] [?] Qq. Ff.
16	Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be flowed.	16. ſlowed] ſlow'd Ff.
	Looke fir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.	17. toward] towards Qq. Ff.
	Enter Iuliet.	
	Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.	
	Iu. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.	
20	Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thursday next.	20. may be,] [.] om. Q4.
	Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.	
	Fri. Thats a certaine text.	
	Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?	
24	Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.	
	Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.	
	Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.	
	Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.	
28	Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,	
	Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.	
	Par. Poor foule thy face is muſch abuſde with tears.	
	Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,	
32	For it was bad inough before their ſpight.	
	Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.	
	Iu. That is no flaſhander fir, which is a truth,	
	And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.	
36	Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.	
	Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.	
	Are you at leiuſe, holy Father now,	
	Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?	
40	Fri. My leiuſe ſerues me penſiue daughter now,	
	My Lord we muſt entreat the time alone.	41. we] you Fri. 1F2, 3. 4.
	Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbē deuotion,	
	Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowſe yee,	
44	Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiffle.	
	Exit.	[Exit Paris] Ff.
	Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,	
	Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.	46. care] cure Q5.
	Fri. O Iuliet I already know thy greefe,	
48	It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,	
	I haſte thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,	On

On Thurday next be married to the Countie.

*Jul:* Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,  
Vnleffe thou tell me how we may preuent it.

52

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold  
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife  
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that  
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,  
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

64

*Fr:* Stay *Juliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,  
VVwhich craunes as desperate an execution,  
As that is desperate we would preuent.  
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*  
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,  
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake  
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,  
That coapst with death it selfe to fleye from blame.  
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.

68

72

76

*Jul:* Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)  
From off the battlements of yonder tower:  
Or chaine me to some steepe mountaines top,  
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:  
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-houfe,

VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:  
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

84

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

*Iu.* Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,

52 Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,  
Do thou but call my resolution wife,  
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.

56 God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* feald:

Shall be the Labell to an other deed,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

60 Turne to an other, this shall fley them both:

Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,

Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold

Twixt my extreameſ and me, this bloudie knife

64 Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commiſſion of thy yeareſ and art,

Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:

Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,

68 If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.

*Fri.* Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

72 If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

76 That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:

And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.

*Iu.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the battlements of any Tower,

80 Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,

Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,

Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,

84 With reekie shanks and yeallow chapels ſculls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his,

50. *Countie*] count F2, 3, 4.

51. *hearest*] hearſt Q5.

56. *Romeos*] [.] Qq. Ff.

57. *Romeos*] Romeo Ff.  
Romeo's Q5.

60. *sley*] slay Qq. Ff.

73. *stay*] slay Q4, 5, F3, 4.  
lay F2.

74. *is it*] it is F3, 4.

76. *death, himſelfe*] death  
himſelfe, Qq. Ff.

77. *dareſt*] darſt Ff.

79. *of the*] off the Q5, F3,  
4

84. *chapels*] chappels Q3,  
F1. *chaplesſe* The rest.

86. *his*] his shroud Q4, 5.  
his graue Ff.

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;  
 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,  
 To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaide VVife  
 To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.

*Fr*: Hold *Juliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,  
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:  
 And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,  
 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:  
 VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run  
 A dull and heauie slumber, which shall feaze  
 Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe  
 His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:  
 No signe of breath shall testifie thou liuest.

And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,  
 Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

He send in haft to *Mantua* to thy Lord,  
 And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

*Jul*:

88 Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,  
And I will do it without feare or doubt,  
To liue an vnstaide wife to my sweete loue.

*Fri.* Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wendſday is to morrow,  
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,  
Let not the Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

96 When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,  
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulſe  
Shall keepe his native progreſſe but furceafe,  
No warmth, no breast ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,  
100 The roſes in thy lips and cheekeſ shall fade:

Too many aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall:  
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life.

104 Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,  
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,  
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death  
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,

And then awake as from a pleafant ſleepe.

108 Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,  
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then as the manner of our countrie is,  
Is thy beſt robes vncouered on the Beere,

112 Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:  
Thou ſhall be borne to that fame auncient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,

In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,

116 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,  
And hither ſhall he come, an he and I  
Will watch thy walking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

120 And this ſhall free thee from this preſent shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womaniſh feare,  
Abate thy valour in the aſting it.

93. *the Nurſe*] thy Nurſe  
Qq. Ff.

99. *breſt*] breath Qq. Ff.

*liueſt*] liuſt Q5.

100. *fade*:] [:] om. Qq. Ff.

101. *Too many*] To many

*Fri.* To meaſy F2, 3, 4.

Too paly Q4. To paly

Q5.

*thy*] the Q3, 4, Ff.

105. *borrowed*] borrow'd  
Q5.

111. *Is*] In Qq. Ff.

*vncouered*] vncouerd Qq.

Ff.

113. *ſhall*] ſhall Qq. Ff.

117, 118. *an . . . walking*  
*and . . . waking* Q4.  
om. Ff.

121. *inconstant*] unco-  
ſtant F3, 4.  
*toy*] toy Q4. toy Q5.

*Iul*: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter olde Capulet, his Wife, Nurse, and Seruingman.*

IV. 2.

*Capo*: Where are you firra?

*Ser*: Heere forsooth.

*Capo*: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

*Ser*: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.

4

*Capo*: How canst thou know them so?

*Ser*: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.

*Capo*: Well get you gone.

*Exit Seruingman.*

But wheres this Head-strong?

*Moth*: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell  
 To be confest.

12

*Capo*: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,  
 A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Moth*: See here she commeth from Confession,

*Capo*: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin  
 gadding?

16

*Iul*: Where I haue learned to repent the sin  
 Of froward wilfull opposition  
 Gaints you and your behests, and am enioynd  
 By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,  
 And craue remission of so foule a fact.

20

*She kneeles downe.*

*Moth*: Why thats well said.

30

*Capo*: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier  
 All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.  
 Goe tell the Countie prefently of this,  
 For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

22

*Jul*:

	Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare	123. of feare] of care F1.
124	Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous In this resolute, ile send a Frier with speed To Mantua, with my Letters to thy Lord.	
128	Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford : Farewell deare father. (Exit.	[Exeunt] Q4, 5.
IV. 2.	Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.	ACT IV. SCENE 2.
4	Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ, Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.	
	Ser. You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.	
	Capu. How canst thou trie them so ?	
8	Ser. Marrie fir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fin- gers : therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.	
	Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnd for this time : What is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence ?	9, 10. Prose in Ff.
12	Nur. I forsooth.	
	Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her, A peeuiish selfewield harlottry it is.	
	Enter Iuliet.	
16	Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.	13. selfewield] selfe willde Q3. selfe-will'd Q4, 5. selfe-wild F1, 2, 3. self- wild F4.
	Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding ?	
20	Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the fin Of disobedient opposition, To you and your behests, and am enioynd By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here, To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you, Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.	16. me] om. Q4, 5.
	Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this, Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.	22. Countie] Count F2, 3, 4.
24	Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell, And gaue him what becomd loue I might, Not stetting ore the bounds of modestie.	25. becomd] becomed Ff. becommend Q4, 5.
28	Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stnd vp, This is ast shold be, let me see the Countie : I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.	28. ast] as't Q4, 5. Ff.
		Now

32

*Jul*: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,  
To fort such things as shall be requisite  
Against to morrow.

*Moth*: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,  
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,  
And I will come vnto you preſently,

*Nur*: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe :

*Jul*: I pree thee let vs.

*Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.*

*Moth*: Me thinks on Thurfday would be time enough.

*Capo*: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,  
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

*Moth*: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurfday.

*Capo*: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.

*Moth*: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouifion.

*Capo*: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,  
Now before God my heart is paſſing light,  
To ſee her thus conformed to our will.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nurse, Juliet.*

*Nur*: Come, come, what need you anie thing elſe ?

*Jul*: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my ſelfe :  
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

*Nur*: Well theres a cleane ſmoke vnder your pillow,  
and ſo good night.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth*: What are you bufie, doo' you need my helpe ?

*Jul*: No Madame, I diſire to lye alone,  
For I haue manie things to thiſke vpon.

IV. 3.

*Moth*: Well then good night, be ſtirring *Juliet*,  
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

*Exit.*

*Jul*:

Now afore God, this reverend holy Frier,  
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

30. reverend holy] holy  
reverend Q5.

32 *Iu.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,  
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,  
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

*Mo.* No not till Thursday, there is time inough.

36 *Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

*Exeunt.*

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]  
Ff.

*Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,  
Tis now neare night.

*Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,

40 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:

Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke vp her,

Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:

Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?

44 They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe

To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him

Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaynid.

45. vp him] him vp Ff.

*Exit.*

[Exeunt.] Q4, 5. [Exeunt  
Father and Mother.] Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

IV. 3.

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*Iu.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse  
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:

For I haue need of many oryfons,

4 To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,

Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

5. knowest] know st Ff. Q5.

*Enter Mother.*

*Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

*Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries

8 As are behooffull for our state to morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,

For I am sure you haue your hands full all,

12 In this so sudden busynesse.

*Mo.* Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou haft need.

*Exeunt.*

*Iu.* Farewell,

*Iul:* Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,  
Must I of force be married to the Countie ?  
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.  
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke  
To poysone mee, for feare I should disclose  
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,  
He is a holy and religious Man:  
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

24

What if I should be stifted in the Toomb ?

[O] catchword in the  
original

\*

Awake an houre before the appointed time:

[O]

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

dash

16      *Iu.* Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,  
 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,  
 That almost freezes vp the heate of life :  
 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.  
 Nurse, what should she do here ?  
 20      My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.  
 Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all ?  
 Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?  
 No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,  
 24      What if it be a poyson which the Frier  
 Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,  
 Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonourd,  
 Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?  
 28      I feare it is, and yet me thinks it shold not,  
 For he hath stiill bene tried a holy man.  
 How if when I am laid into the Tombe,  
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*  
 32      Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt :  
 Shall I not then be stiftled in the Vault ?  
 To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,  
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.  
 36      Or if I liue, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Togither with the terror of the place,  
 As in a Vault, an auncient receptacle,  
 40      Where for this many hundred yeares the bones  
 Of all my buried auncestors are packt,  
 Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,  
 Lies festring in his shroude, where as they fay,  
 44      At some houres in the night, spirits resort :  
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I  
 So early waking, what with loathsome smels,  
 And shrikes like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 48      That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad :  
 O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,  
 Inuironed with all these hidious feares,  
 And madly play with my forefathers ioynts ?

17. *life*] *fire* Ff.
 21. *Viol*]*Viall* Qq. F.  
 2, 3. *Vial* F4.  
 22. *then*] om. F4.
29. *a*] *an* Q5.33. *stiftled*] *stifted* Ff. Q5.38. *Togither*] *Together* Qq.  
Ff.40. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.47. *shrikes*] *shrieks* F4.
 49. *O if I walke*] *Or if I  
wake* Q4, 5. *Or if I  
walke* F2, 3, 4. *(walk  
F4.)*

And

Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see  
My Cofin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,  
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.  
*Romeo* I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

56

*She falleth upon her bed within the Curtaines.*

*Enter Nurse with hearts, Mother.*

*Moth* : Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,  
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

IV-4

*Cap:* Make haft, make haft, for it is almost day,  
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,  
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

4

*Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be ficke anone.*

8

*Cap:* I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.

12

*Moth*: I you haue beeene a mouse hunt in your time.

*Enter Seruingsman with Logs & Coales.*

*Enter Seruingman with*

*Cap* : A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood : How now firra ?  
What haue you there ?

1

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

*Cap: Goe, goe choofe dryer. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.*

16

*Ser.* Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to  
choose a Log.

Erit.

*Cap:* Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.  
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,  
The Countie will be heere with musicke.straight.

88

52 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,  
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,  
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.  
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

56 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body  
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?  
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV. 4. *Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

*La.* Hold take theſe keies & fetch moe ſpices *Nurse*.

*Nur.* They call for dates and quincees in the Paſtrie.

*Enter old Capulet.*

4 *Ca.* Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cock hath crowed.  
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:  
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,  
Spare not for coſt.

8 *Nur.* Go you cot-quéane go,  
Get you to bed, faith youle be fiche to morrow  
For this nights watching.

12 *Ca.* No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,  
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene fiche.

*La.* I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,  
But I will watch you from ſuſh watching now.

*Exit Lady and Nurse.*

16 *Ca.* A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs,  
and Baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what.  
*Ca.* Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.

Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

20 *Fel.* I haue a head fir, that will find out logs,  
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

*Ca.* Maffe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,  
Twou ſhalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

*Play Muficke.*

24 The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,  
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neare.

*Nurſe*, wife, what ho, what *Nurſe* I ſay?

*Enter*

54. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.  
Ff.

57. *a]* *my* F1. *his* F2, 3, 4.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

3. *crowed*] *crow'd* Ff.

4. *roong*] *roung* Q3, 4.  
*rung* Q5, F1.

11. *leſſer*] *leſſe* Qq. F1.  
*a leſſe* F2, 3. *a less* F4.

14. *what is*] *what* F1.  
*whats* F2. *what's* F3, 4.  
Two lines, the ſecond be-  
ginning *Now*, in F1.

16. *haſte ſirra*] *haſte, ſir-  
rah* Ff. *haſte; ſirrah*  
Q5.

21. *Twoou*] *Thou* Qq. Ff.  
*father*] *faith* Q4, 5, F2,  
3, 4.

Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

*Nur:* Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady  
birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take  
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next  
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest  
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,  
what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how found shee sleepes? Nay  
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on  
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the  
day, some *Aqua vitae* hoe.

IV. 5.

8

12

16

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth:* How now whats the matter?

*Nur:* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

*Moth:* Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

24

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap:* Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?

*Moth:* Ah shees dead, shees dead.

*Cap:* Stay, let me fee, all pale and wan.

Accursed time, vnfornunate olde man.

*Enter*

## Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,  
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,  
Make haſt, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haſt I ſay.

IV. 5. *Nur.* Miftris, what miftris, *Juliet*, haſt I warrant her ſhe,  
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed,  
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweete heart, why Bride :  
4 What not a word, you take your penniworths now,  
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant  
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,  
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.  
8 Marrie and Amen : how found is the a ſleepe :  
I needs muſt wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,  
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,  
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?  
12 What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?  
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.  
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.  
16 Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,  
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.  
*Mo.* What noife is here ?  
*Nur.* O lamentable day.  
*Mo.* What is the matter ?  
20 *Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day !  
*Mo.* O me, O me, my child, my onely life.  
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :  
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

## Enter Father.

24 *Fa.* For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.  
*Nur.* Shees dead : deceaſt, ſhees dead, alack the day.  
*M.* Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.  
. *Fa.* Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,  
28 Her bloud is fetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe :  
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated,  
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,  
Vpon the sweeteſt flower of all the field.

27. Two lines, the first  
ending *already*, Ff.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

1. *miftris, Juliet, ] Miftris, Juliet : Q5. Miftris ? Juliet ? Ff.*  
*ſhe] om. F2, 3, 4.*  
4. *penniworths] penni-  
worth Q5.*

9. *needs muſt] muſt needs*  
*Qq. Ff.*

15. *wereaday] weleaday*  
*Q3. weladay Q4, 5, F1,*  
*2, 3. wel-a-day F4.*

[Enter Mother.] Ff.

*Enter Fryer and Paris.*

*Par.* What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

36

*Cap.* Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,

40

Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,

Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

*Par.* Haue I thought long to see this motnings face,

44

And doth it now present such prodegies?

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,

Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:

Borne to the world to be a flauie in it.

Distrest, remediles, and vnfourtunate.

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,

To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

*Cap.* O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,

And being dead, dead forrow nips vs all.

*All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

*All cry.* And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,

Dead, loft, vndone, absented, wholy fled.

*Cap.* Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,

Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?

To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,

Depriude of fence, of life, of all by death,

Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

*Cap.* O sad fac'd forrow map of misery,

Why this sad time haue I desird to see.

This day, this vniust, this impartiall day

Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,

To be depriude by fuddaine destinie.

*Moth.* O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?

To see this day, this miserable day.

Alacke the time that euer I was borne.

To be partaker of this destinie.

Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr:

32 *Nur.* O lamentable day!

*Mo.* O wofull time!

*Fa.* Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile  
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

*Enter Frier and the Countie.*

36 *Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

*Fa.* Ready to go but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,  
40 Flower as she was, deflowred by him,  
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,  
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

44 *Par.* Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,  
And doth it giue me such a fight as this?

*Mo.* Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,  
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,  
48 In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,  
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,  
But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,  
And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

52 *Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,  
Most lamentable day, most wofull day  
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.  
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

56 Neuer was feene so blacke a day as this,  
O wofull day, O wofull day.

*Par.* Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,  
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,  
60 By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,  
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

*Fat.* Despise, distressed, hated, martird, kild,  
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,  
64 To murther, murther, our solemnitie?  
O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,  
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,  
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

*Fri.* Peace

[Enter . . . with the Mu-  
sicians] Q4. [ . . . with  
Musicians] Q5.

39. *there*] *see there* F2, 3.  
*See, there* F4

40. *deflowred*] *deflowered*  
*now* F2. *deflour'd now*  
F3, 4

43. *all life liuing.*] *all,*  
*life, liuing,* Q4, 5.

44. *loue*] *long* Qq. Ff.

54. *bedold*] *behold* Qq. Ff.

58

*Fr.* O peace for shame, if not for charity.

Your daughter liues in peace and happines,  
And it is vaine to wish it otherwife.

84

\* Come sticke your Rofemary in this dead coarfe,  
And as the custome of our Country is,  
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,  
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

*Cap.* Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,  
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

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*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on  
her and shutting the Curtens.*

*Enter Mistrissons.*

*Nur.* Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case.

*Exit.*

100

I. I by my troth Mistrissons is it, it had need be mended.

*Enter*

68 *Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,  
 In these confusions heauen and your selfe  
 Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,  
 And all the better is it for the maid :  
 72 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,  
 But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,  
 The most you fought was her promotion,  
 For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,  
 76 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst  
 Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.  
 O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :  
 80 Shees not well married, that liues married long,  
 But shees best married, that dies married young.  
 Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie  
 On this faire Coarfe, and as the custome is,  
 84 And in her best array beare her to Church :  
 For though some nature bids vs all lament,  
 Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

88 *Fa.* All things that we ordained festiuall,  
 Turne from their office to black Funerall :  
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
 Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast :  
 Our solemne himnes to fullen dyrges change :  
 92 Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse :  
 And all things change them to the contrarie.

96 *Fri.* Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,  
 And go fir *Paris*, every one prepare  
 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :  
 The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill :  
 Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

*Exeunt manet.*

100 *Mus.* Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

*Nur.* Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,  
 For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

*Fid.* I my my troath, the case may be amended. [Exit omnes.

68. *confusions care*] *confusions, care* Qq. *confusions*: *Care* Ff.

69. *confusions*] [L] Q3, 4.  
 Ff. [:] Q5.

75. *she*] *that sh* F2, 3, 4.

77. *it selfe*] *himselfe* Q5.

85. *some*] *fond* F2, 3, 4.  
*us all*] *all us* Ff.

90. *buriall*] *funerall* Q5.

[*Exeunt manent Musici*]  
 Q4, 5. [*Exeunt*] Ff.  
 99. *Musi.*] Mu. Ff.

102. *Fid.*] Mu Ff.  
*my my*] *by my* Qq. Ff.  
 [*Exeunt omnes*] Qq. om.  
 Ff.

*Enter Servingsman.*

*Ser:* Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me  
some mery dumpe.

1. A fir, this is no time to play.

108

*Ser:* You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

*Ser:* Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.

1. What will you giue us?

112

*Ser:* The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

*Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with  
my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,

1. Lets heare.

*Ser:* When griping grieve the heart doth wound,  
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:

124

Then musique with her filuer found,

Why filuer found? Why filuer found?

1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweete sound.

128

*Ser:* Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

2. I thinke because Musitions found for filuer.

*Ser:* Prettie too: come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

132

*Ser:* I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the  
Singer. I saye Siluer found, because such Fellowes as you  
haue fildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-  
well.

*Exit.*

1. Farewel

## Enter Will Kemp.

104 Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,  
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is  
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

108 Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

112 Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

116 Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your  
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pare.  
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

120 2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.  
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my  
Answe me like men. (yron dagger.

124 When griping grieves the hart doth wound, then musique with  
her filuer found.

Why filuer sound, why musique, with her filuer sound, what say  
you Simon Catling?

128 Minst. Mary sir, because filuer hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say filuer sound, because Musitions sound for filuer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?

132 3. M. Faith I know not what to say.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

I will say for you, it is musique with her filuer sound,  
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:

136 Then Musique with her filuer sound with speedy help doth  
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

Enter Peter] Q4, 5, Ff.

105. Fidler.] Mu. Ff.

106. is full] is full of woe  
Q4, 5.

107. O . . . comfort me  
om. Ff.

108. Minstrels.] Mu. Ff.

110. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

112. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

114. Minstrell] minstrell  
F2, 3, 4.

115. Minstrel.] Mu. Ff.

116. lay] say Q4.

119. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

121. Then . . . wit.] Given  
to Peter Q4, 5.

128. Minst.] Mu. Ff.

129. Prates] Pratest Q3,  
Ff. Pratee Q4, 5.

131. Prates to,] Pratest  
to, Q3. Fr. 2. Pratee  
to, Q4. Pratee too: Q5.  
Pratest too, F3, 4.  
sound post] Sound-Post  
Ff.

132. 3. M] 3 Mu. Ff.

1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo.*

V. I.

*Rom:* If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,  
My Dreame prefagde some good euent to come.  
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,  
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.  
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead :  
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)  
And that my Ladie *Juliet* came to me,  
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

8

*Enter Balthasar his man booted.*

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,

12

How doth my Ladie ? Is my Father well ?  
How fares my *Juliet* ? that I aske againe :  
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

16

*Balt:* Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,  
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,  
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

Pardon me Sir, that am the Meiffenger of such bad tidings.

\*

*Rom:* Is it euen so ? then I defie my Starres.  
Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horfe,  
I will not st Fay in *Mantua* to night.

24

*Balt:* Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,  
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare :  
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

28

*Rom:* Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,  
And hyre those horse : st Fay not I say.

*Exit*

140 *Min.* What a pestilent knaue is this same ?  
*M. 2.* Hang him Iack, come weeble in here, tarrie for the mour-  
 ners, and stay dinner.

*Exit.*138 *Min.* Mu. Ff.

V. I. *Enter Romeo.*

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
 My dreames preface some ioyfull newes at hand,  
 My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne :  
 4 And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,  
 Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,  
 8 And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiude and was an Emperor.  
 Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest  
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5.

ACT V. SCENE I.

3. *L.* Lord Q4, 5. F2, 3, 4.  
 in] on Q5.  
 4. *this day an*] thisan day  
 an F1. thiswinged F2,  
 3, 4.  
*vnac. ustomd*] vccustom'd  
 F1.  
 7. *dreame that giues*]  
 dreames that giues Q4.  
 dreames that give Q5.

12 Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,  
 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?  
 How doth my Lady, is my Father well :  
 How doth my Lady *Iuliet* ? that I aske againe,  
 16 For nothing can be ill if she be well.

[*Enter Romeo's man Balthazer*] Q4, 5.

*Man.* Then she is well and nothing can be ill,  
 Her body sleepe in *Capels* monument,  
 And her immortall part with Angels liues.  
 I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,  
 20 And prefently tooke poste to tell it you :  
 O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,  
 Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

18. *Capels*] Capulet's F4.

24 *Rom.* Is it in so ? then I denie you starres.  
 Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,  
 And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

24. *in*] even Qq. Ff.  
 denie] deny F2, 3, 4. Q5.  
 25. *knowest*] know st Q5.

28 *Man.* I do beseech you fir, haue patience :  
 Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import  
 Some misaduenture.

*Ro.* Tush thou art deceiu'd,  
 Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haft

*Exit Balthazar.*

Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.  
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember

36

Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted

40

As I paſt by, whose needie ſhop is ſtufft  
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :  
And in the ſame an *Aligarta* hangs,

44

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,  
Are thinly ſtrewed to make vp a ſhow.  
Him as I noted, thus with my ſelfe I thought :  
And if a man ſhould need a poyſon now,  
(Whose preſent ſale is death in *Mantua*)  
Here he miſt buy it. This thought of mine  
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.

52

Being Holiday the Beggers ſhop is ſlutt.  
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I ſay.

*Enter Apothecarie.*

*Apo* : VVho calls, what would you ſir ?

60

*Rom* : Heeres-twentie duckates,  
Giue me a dram of ſome ſuch ſpeeding geere,

As will diſpatch the wearie takers life,

As ſuddenly as powder being fierd

From

32 Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?  
*Man.* No my good Lord.

*Exit.*

[Exit *Man.*] Ff.

36 *Ro.* No matter get thee gone,  
 And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.  
 Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night :  
 Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,  
 To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men.

40 I do remember an Appothacarie,  
 And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,  
 In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,  
 Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,  
 Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones :

40. a] om. Fr. he F2, 3, 4.  
 Q5.

44 And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,  
 An allegater ſtuft, and other ſkins  
 Of ill ſhapte fishes, and about his ſhelues,  
 A beggerly account of emptie boxes,  
 Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,

48 Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes  
 Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.

52 Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,  
 An if a man did need a poyſon now,  
 Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,  
 Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.  
 O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,

52. An] And Q5, F3, 4.

56 And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.  
 As I remember this ſhould be the houſe,  
 Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.  
 What ho Appothecarie.

[Enter Appothecarie.] Ff.

60 *Appo.* Who calls ſo lowd ?  
*Kom.* Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,  
 Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue  
 A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,  
 As will diſpearfe it ſelfe through all the veines,

61. Kom.] Rom. Qq. Ff.

64 That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,  
 And that the Truukē may be diſchargd of breath,  
 As violently, as haſtie powder fierd

63. *speeding*] *spreading*  
 Q5.

65 *life-wearie-taker*] *life-*  
*wearie taker* Q5.

Doth

	From forth a Cannons mouth.	68
	<i>Apo</i> : Such drugs I haue I must of force confess, But yet the law is death to those that sell them.	
*	<i>Rom</i> : Art thou so bare and full of pouertie, And doost thou feare to violate the Law? The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend, And therefore make no conscience of the law : Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie, And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheeke.	
	<i>Apo</i> : My pouertie but not my will consents.	
	<i>Rom</i> : I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.	
	<i>Apo</i> : Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.	80
	<i>Rom</i> : Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence, Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh. Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee To <i>Juliet</i> s Graue : for there must I vse thee.	88
		<i>Exeunt.</i>
	<i>Enter Frier John.</i>	V. 2.
	<i>John</i> : VVhat Frier <i>Laurence</i> , Brother, ho ?	
	<i>Laur</i> : This same should be the voyce of Frier <i>John</i> . VVhat newes from <i>Mantua</i> , what will <i>Romeo</i> come ?	
	<i>John</i> : Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out, One of our order to associate mee, Here in this Cittie visting the sick, VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind : And being by the Searchers of the Towne Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.	8
	<i>Laur</i> :	

68	Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wombe. <i>Poti.</i> Such mortall drugs I haue, but <i>Mantua</i> lawe Is death to any he that vtters them.	69. <i>Poti.</i> ] App. & Ap. Ff. (also at lines 78, 80.)
72	<i>Ro.</i> Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse, And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekees, Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe : The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law, The world affoords no law to make thee rich : Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.	72. <i>fearest</i> ] <i>fear'st</i> Ff. Q5. 73. <i>thy</i> ] <i>thine</i> Q5, F3, 4. 74. <i>hangs upon</i> ] <i>hang on</i> F2, 3, 4. <i>hang upon</i> Q5.
76	<i>Poti.</i> My pouertie, but not my will consents. <i>Ro.</i> I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.	79. <i>pray</i> ] <i>pay</i> Q4, 5.
80	<i>Poti.</i> Put this in any liquid thing you will And drinke it off, and if you had the strength Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.	
84	<i>Ro.</i> There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules, Doing more murther in this loathsome world, Then these poore cōpounds that thou maiest not sell, I sell thee poyson, thou haft sold me none, Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.	83. <i>There is</i> ] <i>There's</i> Ff. 84. <i>murther</i> ] <i>murthers</i> Q4. <i>murder</i> F3, 4. <i>murders</i> Q5. 85. <i>maiest</i> ] <i>maist</i> Q4. <i>maist</i> Q5, F3, 4.
88	Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me To <i>Iuliet</i> s graue, for there must I vse thee.	
<i>Exeunt.</i>		
V. 2.	<i>Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.</i> <i>Ioh.</i> Holy Franciscan Frier, brother, ho. <i>Enter Lawrence.</i>	ACT V. SCENE 2.
4	<i>Law.</i> This same shoulde be the voyce of Frier <i>Iohn</i> , Welcome from <i>Mantua</i> , what fayes <i>Romeo</i> ? Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.	[Enter Frier Lawrence] Ff.
8	<i>Ioh.</i> Going to find a barefoote brother out, One of our order to affotiate me, Here in this Citie visting the fiske, And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne Suspecting that we both were in a house, Where the infectious pestilence did raigne, Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth, So that my speed to <i>Mantua</i> there was staid.	4. <i>if his</i> ] <i>if</i> F2, 3, 4.
12		<i>Law.</i> Who

*Laur*: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

*John*: I haue them still, and here they are.

*Laur*: Now, by my holy Order,  
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

\* Goe get thee hence, and get me presently  
A spade and mattocke.

20

*John*: Well I will presently go fetch thee them.

*Exit.*

*Laur*: Now must I to the Monument alone,  
Leaft that the Ladie should before I come  
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye  
To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

24

*Exit.*

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers  
and sweete water.*

V. 3

*Par*: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along  
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow  
ground.  
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,  
Staught giue me notice.

4

*Boy*: I will my Lord.

*Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*

*Par*: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale  
bed:

12

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,  
The perfect modell of eternitie:  
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doft remaine,  
Accept this lateft fauour at my hands,  
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead  
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

*Boy*

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not fend it, here it is againe,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

16 So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,

The Letter was not nice but full of charge,

Of deare import, and the neglecting it,

20 May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,

Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight

Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother ile go and bring it thee.

(Exit.

24 Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,

Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,

25. this] these Q5.

Shee will besprewe me much that *Romeo*

Hath had no notice of these accidents:

28 But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,

Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

V. 3.

Enter *Paris* and his Page.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,

1. aloofe] aloft F1, 2, 3.

Yet put it out, for I would not be feene:

3. young] yong Q4.

along] alone F2, 3.

Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,

4. Holding] Laying F3, 4.

Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,

Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,

But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me

8 As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,

Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,

10. alone] along F2.

Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.

12. strew] [,] Q3, 4. [:]

The rest.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew

13. Canapie] Canopie F1.

O woe, thy Canapie is duft and stones,

Canopy Q5, F2, 3, 4.

Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,

14. dewe] new Q5.

Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,

16 The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

*Boy whistles and calls.* My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a  
mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

\* *Par:* The boy giues warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,  
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?  
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

*Rom:* Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrenching Iron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,  
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,  
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,  
A precious ring which I must vfe  
In deare imployment. but if thou wilt stay,  
Further to prie in what I vndertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,  
And strew thy hungry churchyard with thy lims.  
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

*Balt:* Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

*Rom:* So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,  
Commend me to my Father, farewell good fellow.

*Balt:* Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

*Romeo opens the tombe.*

*Rom:* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.  
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

*Par:* This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,  
That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him. Stop

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

*Whistle Boy.*

The Boy giues warning, someting doth approach,  
What cursed foote wanders this way to night,  
To croffe my obsequies and true loues right?  
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

19. *way*] *wayes* F<sub>1</sub>.

21. *muffle me night*] *night*  
*muffle me* Q<sub>5</sub>.

*Enter Romeo and Peter.*

*Ro.* Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning

See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,

Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,

What ere thou hearest or feest, stand all aloofe,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

[Enter Romeo and Bal-  
thazer his man] Q<sub>4</sub>, 5.

22. *that*] *the* Q<sub>5</sub>.

26. *hearest*] *hear'st* F<sub>1</sub>, F<sub>5</sub>.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face :

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious Ring : a Ring that I must vse,

In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone :

But if thou ialous doft returne to prie

In what I farther shall intend to doo,

By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,

And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims :

The time and my intents are sauage wilde,

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

34. *farther*] *further* F<sub>1</sub>.

*Pet.* I will be gone fir, and not trouble ye.

*Ro.* So shalt thou shew me friendshid, take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

*Pet.* For all this fame, ile hide me here about,

His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.

40. *Pet.*] *Balt.* Q<sub>4</sub>, 5. (also  
at line 43.)

*ye*] *you* Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

41. *friendshid*] *friendship*  
Q<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>.

[Exit.] F<sub>2</sub>, 3, 4

*Ro.* Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morfell of the earth :

Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,

And in despight ile cram thee with more foode.

*Pa.* This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,

That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe

It

Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.  
 Can vengeance be pursued further then death?  
 I doe attach thee as a felon heere.  
 The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,  
 Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,  
 Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

56

\* Heape not another finne vpon my head  
 By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest  
 I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:  
 For I come hyther armde against my selfe,

64

Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:  
 And doe attach thee as a felon heere.  
 Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

68

*They fight.*

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.  
 Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull  
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

72

Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,  
 Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?  
 What said my man, when my betrofled soule  
 Did not regard him as we paft along.  
 Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried  
*Iuliet*? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

76

But I will satisfie thy laft request,  
 For thou haft prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

Death

It is suppos'd the faire creature died,  
 52 And here is come to do some villainous shame  
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,  
 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Montague*:  
 Can vengeance be pursued further then death?  
 56 Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,  
 Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,  
 Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,  
 60 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,  
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,  
 Put not an other sin vpon my head,  
 By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,  
 64 By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,  
 For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:  
 Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,  
 A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

*Par.* I do defie thy commiration,  
 And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

*Ro.* Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.

*O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.*

*Par.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,  
 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet*,

*Rom.* I faith I will, let me peruse this face,  
*Mercutios* kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,  
 76 What said my man, when my betroffed soule  
 Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke  
 He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.  
 Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?

80 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,  
 To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,  
 Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.  
 84 A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:  
 For here lies *Juliet*, and her bewtie makes  
 This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

59. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.  
 Ff.  
 60. *these*] *those* Ff.

67. *bid*] *bad* Q5.

68. *commiration*] *commis-  
 seration* Q3, F1. *com-  
 miseration* Q4, 5, F2,  
 3, 4.

71. Given to Pet. Ff., to  
 Page. Q4, 5, and printed  
 in rom.

75. *Mercutios*] *Mercutius*  
 Q3, F1, 2, 3.

Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,  
How oft haue many at the houre of death  
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call  
A lightning before death But how may I  
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Juliet*,

88

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?  
O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death,  
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

104

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,  
Set vp my euerlasting rest  
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

112

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on  
The dashing rockes thy sea-ficke weary barge.  
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:  
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiffe I dye.

*Falls.*  
*Enter*

124

88 Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,  
 How oft when men are at the point of death,  
 Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death? Oh how may I  
 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,  
 92 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:  
 Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet  
 Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
 96 And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.  
*Tybalt* lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?  
 O what more fauour can I do to thee,  
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,  
 100 To funder his that was thine enemie?  
 Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Juliet*  
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,  
 Shall I beleue that vnfubtantiall death is amorous,  
 104 And that the leane abhorred monster keepes  
 Thee here in darke to be his parramour?  
 For feare of that I still will stae with thee,  
 And neuer from this pallat of dym night.  
 108 Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,  
 Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.  
 O true Appothecarie!  
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.  
 112 Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,  
 With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here  
 Will I fet vp my euerlaſting reſt:  
 And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres,  
 116 From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your laſt:  
 Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you  
 The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiffe  
 A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:  
 Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,  
 120 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing Rocks, thy ſeaſick weary barke:  
 Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:  
 124 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

100. *thine*] thy Ff.107. *pallat*] *pallace* Qq. Ff.  
*night*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.108-111. *Depart . . . die*]  
 om. Q4. 5.108. *arme*] *armes* Ff.116. *world wearied*] Hy-  
 phened Qq. F1. *worlds*  
*wearied* F2, 3, 4

\*

*Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged feete  
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.  
Whose there?

*Man.* A frend and one that knowes you well.

*Fr.* Who is it that confortes so late the dead,  
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,  
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?

*Man.* It doth so holy Sir, and there is one  
That loues you dearely.

132

*Fr.* Who is it?

*Man.* Romeo.

*Fr.* How long hath he beene there?

*Man.* Full halfe an houre and more.

136

*Fr.* Goe with me thether.

*Man.* I dare not fir, he knowes not I am heere:  
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,  
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

140

*Fr.* Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

*Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*

What bloud is this that staines the entrance  
Of this marble stony monument?

148

What means these maisterles and goory weapons?  
Ah me. I doubt, whose heere? what Romeo dead?  
Who and Paris too? what vnluckie houre  
Is accessary to so foule a finne?

152

*Juliet rises.*

The Lady sturres.

[*Iul.*] catchword in the  
original.

\*

Ah comfortable Fryer.

[*Iul.*]

I doe remember well where I shoulde be,  
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot fee  
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

156

*Fr.* Lady come foorth, I heare some noife at hand,      We

Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,  
and Spade.

128 *Frier.* S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night  
Haue my old feet stumblid at graues? Whoes there?

*Man.* Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

*Frier.* Bliffe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend  
What torch is yond that vainly lendeis his light  
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,  
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

132 *Man.* It doth so holy sir, and theres my maister, one that you  
*Frier.* Who is it? (loue.

*Man. Romeo.*

*Frier.* How long hath he bin there?

136 *Man.* Full halfe an houre.

*Frier.* Go with me to the Vault.

*Man.* I dare not sir.

140 My Maister knowes not but I am gone hence,  
And fearefully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

*Frier.* Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.  
O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

144 *Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,  
I dreampet my maister and another fought,  
And that my maister slew him.

*Frier. Romeo.*

148 Alack alack, what bloud is this which staines  
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?  
What meane these maisterlesse and goarie swrds  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?  
*Romeo,* oh pale! who else, what *Paris* too?  
And steept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower  
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?  
The Lady stirres.

152 *Iuli.* O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?  
I do remember well where I shoulde be:  
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

*Frier.* I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Entrer . . . ] Enter . . . Qq.  
Ff.

125. *S.*] St. Q3. Ff. *Saint*  
*Q4, 5.*  
*Frances]* *Francis* Qq. Ff.  
127. *Man.*] *Balt.* Q4, 5  
(also at lines 132, 134,  
136, 138, 144).

131. *Capels]* *Capulet's* F4.  
132. *It . . . sir]* separate  
line Ff.

142. *feare comes]* *feares*  
*comes* F1. *feares come*  
F2, 3, 4.  
143. *vnthriftie]* *unlucky*  
Qq. Ff.  
144. *yong]* *young* Qq. Ff.

156. *where is]* *where's* Ff.

We shall be taken, *Paris* he is flaine,  
 And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane  
 We shall be thought to be as acceſſarie.

I will prouide for you in ſome cloſe Nunery.

*Iul*: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

*Fr*: I heare ſome noife, I dare not ſtay, come, come.

*Iul*: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup cloſe in my louers hands?  
 Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

164

168

176

*Enter watch.*

*Watch*: This way, this way.

*Iul*: I, noife? then muſt I be reſolute.

O happy dagger thou ſhalt end my feare,  
 Reſt in my boſome, thus I come to thee.

*She ſlaps herſelfe and falles.*

184

*Enter watch.*

*Cap*: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?  
 See frends where *Juliet* two daies buried,  
 New bleeding wounded, ſearch and ſee who's neare.  
 Attach and bring them to vs preſently.

*Enter one with the Fryer.*

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,

192

Fitte

160 Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,  
 A greater power then we can contradict  
 Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,  
 Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead :  
 164 And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,  
 Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes :  
 Stay not to queftion, for the watch is comming,  
 Come go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

*Exit.*

168 *Juliet*. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.  
 Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?  
 Poſon I fee hath bin his timeleſſe end :  
 O churle, drunke all, and leſt no friendly drop  
 172 To help me after, I will kiffe thy lips,  
 Happlie ſome poſon yet doth hang on them,  
 To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.  
 Thy lips are warme.

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

176 *Watch*. Leade boy, which way.  
*Juliet*. Yea noife? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger  
 This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.  
*Watch boy*. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.  
 180 *Watch*. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churhyard.  
 Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.  
 Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie flaine,  
 And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead :  
 184 Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.  
 Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,  
 Raife vp the *Montagues*, ſome others ſearch,  
 We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,  
 188 But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes  
 We cannot without circumſtance defcry.

*Enter Romeo's man.*

*Watch*. Heres Romeo's man, we found him in the Churhyard.  
*Chief. waſ. n.* Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.  
*Enter Frier, and another Watchman.*

192 3. *Watch*. Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes,  
 We

171. *drunke all,]* *drinke all*, Qq. F4. *drinke all?*  
 F1, 2, 3.  
*leſt]* *leauue* Q5.

176. *way,]* [?] Qq. Ff.  
 177. *Yea noife]* ſeparate  
 line Ff.  
 178. *This is]* *Tis is* Q3.  
*Tis in* Ff.  
 [Kils herſelfe] Ff.  
 179. *Watch boy,]* Boy Q4,  
 5, Ff.

184. *this]* *theſe* Qq. Ff.

191. *Chief. watch,]* Con. Ff.  
*come]* *comes* F2, 3, 4.

Fitte to ope a tombe.

*Cap:* A great suspition, keep him safe.

*Enter one with Romets Man.*

i. Heeres Romeo's Man.

*Capt:* Keepe him to be examinde.

*Enter Prince with others.*

*Prin:* What early mischiefe calls vs vp so foone.

196

*Capt:* O noble Prince, fee here

204

Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,  
Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*  
Likewise newly flaine.

*Prin:* Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

*Capo:* What rumor's this that is so early vp?

*Moth:* The people in the streeetes crie *Romeo*,

And some on *Juliet*: as if they alone  
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.

200

*Capo:* See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:  
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,  
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

212

*Enter olde Montague.*

*Prin:* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,

216

To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

*Mount:* Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,  
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:

220

What further mischiefe can there yet be found?

*Prin:* First come and fee, then speake.

224

*Mount:* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this  
To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

*Prin:* Come feale your mouthes of outrage for a while,  
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out

Of

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,  
As he was comming from this Church-yards fide.

*Chief watch.* A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

*Enter the Prince.*

196 *Prin.* What misaduenture is so early vp,  
That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter Capels.*

*Ca.* What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

*Wife.* O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,

200 Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne  
With open outcry toward our Monument.

*Pr.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?

*Watch.* Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,

204 And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,  
Warne and new kild. (comes.)

*Prin.* Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

*Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,

208 With Instruments vpon them, fit to open  
Theſe dead mens Tombes.

*Enter Capulet and his wife.*

*Ca.* O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter  
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his houſe (bleeds!)

212 Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,  
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.

*Wife.* O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell  
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.

*Enter Mountague.*

216 *Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp  
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.

*Moun.* Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,  
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.

220 What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?

*Prin.* Looke and thou ſhalt fee.

*Moun.* O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,  
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?

224 *Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,

194. *Church-yards*  
Church-yard Q3, Ff.

Churchyard Q4, 5.  
195. *Chief watch* Con. Ff.  
too too,] too, too. Q3, 4.  
too. Q5. Ff.

197. *morning*] *mornings*  
Q4, 5, Ff.

[Enter Capulet and his  
Wife] Q4, 5, Ff.  
198. *is so shrike* they so  
shrike Qq. Ff. (shrike  
F4.)

207. *Slaughter*] *Slaugh-  
terd* Qq. Ff.

[Enter . . .] om. Q4, 5  
Ff. (see above).

210. *heauens*] *heaven* Qq.  
Ff.

213. *if*] is Qq. Ff.  
misheathd] misheathed  
F1, 2, 3, Q5. mis-sheathed  
F4.

217. *earling*] *early* Qq. Ff.

220. *mine*] *my* Qq. Ff.

224. *outrage*] *out-rage* Q4,  
F3, 4.

And

Of such a hainous and feld feene mischaunce.

Bring forth the parties in suspition.

*Fr.* I am the greatest able to doo leaft.

Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

\* And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

*Juliet* here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,

Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant :

The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.

The balefull day of this vnhappy marriage,

VWas *Tylalts* doomesday : for which *Romeo*

VWas banished from hence to *Mantua*.

He gone, her Father fought by foule constraint

To marrie her to *Paris* : But her Soule

(Loathing a fecond Contract) did refuse

To giue consent ; and therefore did the vrge me

Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd

VVhat so her Father fought to force her too :

Or els all desperatly she threatned

Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)

A potion that shoud make her feeme as dead :

And told her that I would with all post speed

Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,

That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)

Seeking a Brother to associate him,

VVhereas the fiske infection remaind,

VWas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,

But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,

That *Juliet* was deceasde, returnde in post

Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.

VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,

Or *Romeos* is to me vnkowne at all.

248

252

256

But

228 And know their spring, their head, their true discent,  
 And then will I be generall of your woes,  
 And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear,  
 And let mischance be flau to patience,  
 Bring foorth the parties of suspition.

232 *Frier.* I am the greatest able to do least,  
 Yet most suspected as the time and place  
 Doth make against me of this direfull murther :  
 And heere I stand both to impeach and purge  
 My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

236 *Prin.* Then say at once what thou doft know in this ?

240 *Frier.* I will be briefe, for my shourt date of breath  
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

244 *Romeo* there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,  
 And she there dead, thaths *Romeos* faithfull wife :  
 I married them, and their stolne marriage day  
 Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death  
 Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie.

248 For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pinde.  
 You to remoue that siege of grieve from her  
 Betrothd and would haue married her perforce  
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,  
 And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane  
 To rid her from this second mariage :

252 Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.  
 Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)  
 A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her

256 The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*  
 That he should hither come as this dire night  
 To help to take her from her borrowed graue,  
 Being the time the potions force should ceafe.  
 But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,  
 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight  
 Returnd my letter back, then all alone  
 At the prefixed hower of her waking,

233. *Doth*] *Doe* Q5.

240. *thats*] *that's* Ff. *that*  
 Q4. 5.

248. *meane*] *meanes* Qq. Ff.

259. *stayed*] *stay'd* Ff.

But when I came to take the Lady hence,

I found them dead, and she awakst from sleep :  
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,

268

VVwhich she refused seeing Romeo dead.  
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,  
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.  
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

\* By me, or by my meanes let my old life  
Be sacrificid some houre before his time.  
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

276

*Pry* : VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
VVheres Romeos man, what can he say in this ?

*Balth* : I brought my maister word that shee was dead,  
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,  
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,  
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

280

*Prin* : Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.  
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch ?

*Boy* : I brought my Master vnto Juliets graue,  
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.  
At laft they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.  
And this is all that I can say or know.

288

*Prin* : These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.

VVhere

264 Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,  
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,  
Till I conueniently could fende to *Romeo*.

268 But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,  
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.

272 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  
And beare this worke of heauen with patience :  
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,  
And she too desperate would not go with me :  
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.

276 Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie :  
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,  
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,  
Vnto the rigour of feuerest law.

280 *Prin.* We stll haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

284 *Balth.* I brought my maister newes of *Iuliets* death,  
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,  
To this same place. To this same monument  
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,  
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

288 *Prin.* Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.  
Where is the Countys Page that rai'd the Watch?  
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

292 *Boy.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,  
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,  
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,  
And by and by my maister drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

296 *Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,  
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,  
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson  
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,  
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Juliet*.  
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

266. *awakening*] *awaking*  
Qq. Ff.

268 *entreated her*] *intreat*  
*her to F4.*

273. *her*] *the Q5.*

275. *his*] *the Qq. Ff.*

277. *a*] *an F4.*

279. *Balth*] *Boy Ff.*

281. *place. To . . . monu-*  
*ment*] *place, to . . . monu-*  
*ment.* Ff. Q5.

288. *Boy.*] *Page Ff.*

See

VVhere are these enemies? fee what hate hath done,

*Cap.* : Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,  
There is my daughters dowry : for now no more  
Can I bestowe on her, that's all I haue.

304

*Moun.* : But I will giue them more, I will erect  
Her statue of pure golde :  
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.  
There shall no statue of such price be fet,  
As that of *Romeos* loued *Juliet*.

308

*Cap.* : As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,  
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

312

*Prin.* : A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.  
Come, let vs hence,  
To haue more talke of these sad things.  
Some shall be pardoned and some punished :  
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,  
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

316

*FINIS.*

300 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?  
 That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,  
 And I for winking at your discords too,  
 Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.

304 Cap. O brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,  
 This is my daughters ioynture, for no more  
 Can I demaund.

308 Moun. But I can giue thee more,  
 For I will raike her statue in pure gold,  
 That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
 As that of true and faithfull Iuliet.

312 Capel. As rich shall Romeos by his Ladies lie,  
 Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

316 Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,  
 The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head :  
 Go hence to haue more talke of these fad things,  
 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,  
 For neuer was a Storie of more wo,  
 Then this of Iuliet and her Romeo.

299. *hate?* [.] Q5, Ff.300. *loue,* [.] Q5, Ff.302. *brace*] *brase* Qq.307. *raie*] *raise* Q4, 5, Ff.309. *such*] *that* Qq, Ff.311. *Romeos . . . Ladies*  
*Romeo . . . Lady* Ff.*Romeo's . . . Ladies* Q5.313. *glooming*] *gloomy* F4.316. *pardoned*] *ardon'd*  
 Ff.[*Exeunt Omnes*] Ff.

F I N I S.



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Friday, October 9. The Politics of Shakspere's Historical Plays; by **Richard Simpson, Esq., B.A.**

Friday, November 13. The 'Weak Endings' of Shakspere, in relation to the Chronology of his Plays; by **Professor J. K. Ingram, LL.D., Trin. Coll., Dublin.**

Friday, December 11. I. On Hamlet's inserted Speech of "a dozen or sixteen Lines," by **Wm. T. Malleson, Esq.**, and **Professor J. R. Seeley, M.A.**, Cambridge. II. A Discussion on the Play of *Cymbeline*; to be\*opened by **J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A.**, or **F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.**

Friday, January 8. On the first Two Quartos of *Hamlet*, 1603, 1604; by the **Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D.** (*This paper is not intended for printing.*)

Friday, February 12. On Ben Jonson's Phrases, Words, and Allusions, by **H. C. Hart, Esq.**, of Trinity College, Dublin.

Friday, March 12. On the Date of *King John*; by **Brinsley Nicholson, Esq., M.D.**

Friday, April 9. A Paper by **Professor Leo, Ph.D., of Berlin.**

Friday, May 14. A Scratch Night: short Papers or Remarks on any Shakspere Topics, by any Members of the Society who will send or speak what they have to say.

Friday, June 11. On the Originals of Shakspere's Plots; by **Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.**

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Offers of other Papers and of Scraps are desired, and should be made to **Mr Furnivall, 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.** The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.

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*This Edition is presented to the Society by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents.*

*Dr Ingleby also presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.*

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✓ 3. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; b. a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

✓ 4. *Cymbeline*: a. A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; b. a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of b. Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); c. Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; d. The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

<sup>1</sup> The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1s.;

the facsimile Quarto of *Much Adoe*, 1600, for 1s., and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12s. 6d.

2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q<sub>1</sub>; 2 Henry IV, Q<sub>1</sub>; Troilus and Cressida, Q<sub>1</sub>; Lear, Q<sub>1</sub>: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Q<sub>1</sub>, Q<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>1</sub>, and a revised Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of Midsummer Night's Dream, and Merchant of Venice; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.
4. The First Quartos of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour's Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspere used from North's Plutarch, Holinshed's and Halle's Chronicles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also the plots of the old plays of 'The Taming of a Shrew,' 'Promos and Cassandra,' 'The troublesome raigne of King John,' &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of Shakspere's Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio editions of Shakspere's Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

**Series V.** *The Contemporary Drama.* Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see *The Academy*, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1:)—

- a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
- b. The Arraignment of Paris (Peele's); Arden of Feversham; George-a-Greene; Locrine; King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly Shakspere's); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Faire Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stucley; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Hester and Ahasuerus,' extant in German Translations.)
- c. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
- d. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in SHAKSPERE's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.
- e. Dr Wm. Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds's rejoinder in 1593, 'The Overthrow of Stage Plays,' &c., with the letters between him and Gentilis. Also, Gentilis's 'Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis.' Hannov. 1659. And 'Fucus sive Histrionastix' (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838).
- f. Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*—from which Shakspere's lines to the 'Phœnix and Turtle' were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester's poem and Shakspere's *Cymbeline*.

*Richard II*, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1994 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell). The Returne from Pernassus, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

**Series VI.** *Shakspere's England.* William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, edited from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

**Series VII.** *Mysteries, &c.* *Ancient Mysteries, with a Morality*, from the Digby MS. 133, re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., *The Towneley Mysteries*, re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

**Series VIII.** *Miscellaneous.* Autotypes of the parts of the Play of *Sir Thomas More* that may possibly be in young SHAKSPERE's handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas Rymer's 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined', 1673, 1692; and his 'A short View of Tragedy of the last Age', 1693.

# THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

(*THE FOUNDER'S PROSPECTUS REVISED.*)

To do honour to SHAKSPERE<sup>1</sup>, to make out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his works and his times, this *New Shakspere Society* is founded.

It is a disgrace to England that while Germany can boast of a Shakspere Society which has gatherd into itself all its country's choicest scholars, England is now without such a Society. It is a disgrace, again, to England that even now, 258 years after SHAKSPERE's death, the study of him has been so narrow, and the criticism, however good, so devoted to the mere text and its illustration, and to studies of single plays, that no book by an Englishman exists which deals in any worthy manner with SHAKSPERE as a whole, which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous "Commentaries" of Gervinus<sup>2</sup>—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—is still the only book known to me that comes near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or can be put into the hands of the student who wants to know the mind of SHAKSPERE. I am convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of SHAKSPERE by so many English scholars—several, men of great power and acuteness—arises mainly from a neglect of the only sound method of beginning that study, the chronological one.<sup>3</sup> Unless a man's works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you *cannot* get at a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This has been specially brought home to me by my work at Chaucer. Until I saw that his *Pity* was his first original work, the key of his life was undiscovered; but that found, it at once opend his treasure-chest, the rest of the jewels he has left us were at once disclos'd in their right array, the early pathetic time of his life made clear, its contrast with the later humorous one shown, and, for the first time these 470 years, the dear old man stood out as he was known in Wycliffe's time. Something of this kind must take place in the mind of every one who will carefully and reverently follow SHAKSPERE's steps on his way up to the throne of Literature, where he, our English poet, sits, the glory not of our land alone, but of the world.

Dramatic poet though SHAKSPERE is, bound to lose himself in his wondrous and manifold creations; taciturn "as the secrets of Nature" though he be; yet in this Victorian time, when our geniuses of Science are so wresting her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of SHAKSPERE need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit SHAKSPERE's mind, to the mind itself, the man himself, and see

<sup>1</sup> This spelling of our great Poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an *e* after the *h*; four have no *a* after the first *e*; the fifth I read *-eere*. The *e* and *a* had their French sounds, which explain the forms "Shaxper," &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that SHAKSPERE knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Bennett's translation, with an Introduction by myself, is publisch by Smith and Elder, 12s. Mr H. N. Hudson's "Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Character" (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jamieson's *Characteristics of Women* (5s., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shak-

spere's chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden's forthcoming *Mind and Art of Shakspere*. (H. S. King.)

<sup>3</sup> The ordinary editions put the Plays higgledy-piggledy; often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakspere's almost-last play, the *Tempest*, and then putting his (probably) third, the *Tuo Gentlemen of Verona*, next it. No wonder readers are all in a maze. Further, though I can put my finger on Chaucer's "nyghtyngale that clepeth forth the fresshe leves nene," and say "Here is first the real Chaucer," yet I (though past 49) cannot yet do the like for Shakspere. (Is it "the nimble spirits in the arteries," note 1, page 6 (perhaps an insertion in the amended edition of 1597), or in *The Comedie of Errors*, iii. 2)

Sing, Siren, for thy selfe, and I will dote;  
Spread ore the silver waues thy golden haire,  
And as a b[ic]d Ile take the[m], and there lie:—

How many of the readers of this can? Yet oughtn't we all to have been able to do it from the time we were 18, or twenty-one?

him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, SHAKSPERE has himself left us the most satisfactory—because undesigned—evidence of the growth in the mechanism of his art, in the gradual changes in his versification during his life; changes that must strike every intelligent reader, and which I cannot at all understand the past neglect of. To cite only one such change, that from the sparing use of the unstopt line to the frequent use of it<sup>1</sup>:—a test which, when applied to three of SHAKSPERE's unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,—

Earliest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.	Latest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.
<i>Loues Labour's Lost</i>	1 in 18·14	<i>The Tempest</i>	1 in 3·02
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>	1 in 10·7	<i>Cymbeline King of Britaine</i>	1 in 2·52
<i>The two Gent. of Verona</i>	1 in 10·	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>	1 in 2·12 <sup>2</sup>

surely shows its exceeding value at a glance, though of course it alone is not conclusive. Working with this and other mechanical tests—such as Mr Spedding's, of the pause, of double endings (or redundant final syllables), of the weak ending in *as, in, &c.* (including light endings), the use of rymes, Alexandrines, &c.—we can, without much trouble, get our great Poet's Plays into an order to which we can then apply the higher tests<sup>3</sup> of conception, characterization, knowledge of life, music of line, dramatic development, and imagination, and see in how far the results of these tests coincide with, or differ from, those of the former ones; whether the conscious growth of power agrees or not with the unconscious change of verse.<sup>4</sup>

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of SHAKSPERE's work—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or

<sup>1</sup> Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stopt lines. (See the late C. Bathurst's 'Differences of Shakspere's Versification at different Periods of his Life,' 1857.)

(Early) *Loues Labour's lost*, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth's reprint) (Late) *The Tragedie of Cymbeline*, iv. 2 (p. 388, col. 2, Booth's reprint)

*Ber.* O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then, affections men at armes ;  
Consider what you first did sweare vnto :  
To fast, to study, and to see no woman :  
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast? your stomacks are too young :  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords),  
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke,  
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke ?  
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,  
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,  
Without the beauty of a womans face ?  
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,  
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.  
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp  
The nimble spirits in the arteries, } probably  
As motion and long during action tyres } added  
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer. } in 1597

*Bel.* No single soule  
Can we set eye on : but in all safe reason  
He must haue some Attendants. Though his H[um]or  
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that  
From one bad thing to worse : Not Frenzie, Not  
absolute madnesse could so far haue rau'd  
To bring him heere alone : although perhaps.  
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee  
Caus heere, hunt heere, are Owt-lawes, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare  
Heel'd fetch vs in ; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,  
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we feare,  
If we do feare this Body hath a taile  
More perillous then the head.

<sup>2</sup> The proportion in *The Life of King Henry the Eighth* is 1 in 2·75; but in this play there are clear traces of another hand—Fletcher's, Mr Tennyson tells me. (See Mr Spedding's able paper in *Gents. Mag.*, August, 1850, and the most striking confirmations of his results by Mr Hickson, in *I Notes and Queries*, ii. 198, and others; all printed in the Appendix to Part 1 of the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874.) The last long speech of Cranmer looks as if it was written first in Elizabeth's time,—Mr Hales suggests, at the time of her dying sickness in March 1603—then pulled in two, and a complimentary bit on King

James I. inserted in the middle. Mr Spedding, however, always held, and the metrical tests show, that it was not; but that the whole Play was late.

<sup>3</sup> Mr J. W. Hales's 7 Tests are, 1. External Evidence (dates of printing); 2. Internal (from allusions in the Plays, &c.); 3. Metre; 4. Language and Style (3 and 4 comprised under Form); 5. Power of Characterization; 6. Dramatic Unity; 7. Knowledge of Life. (See *The Academy*, Jan. 17, 1874, p. 63; Jan. 31, p. 117.)

<sup>4</sup> The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discussed in their chronological order with the Plays.

with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period.<sup>1</sup> We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to SHAKSPERE, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on SHAKSPERE's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguisht scholars who have so long and so faithfully workt at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both,<sup>2</sup> and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text,<sup>3</sup> with special reference to *Richard III*. Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of SHAKSPERE and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholars'-edition of his Plays, whether that of the Quartos or Folio,<sup>3</sup> or any of SHAKSPERE's contemporaries. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th- and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer SHAKSPERE's than that; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less. Lastly, we could (unless we then found it needless) nominate a Committee of three, two, or one, to edit SHAKSPERE'S *Works*, with or without a second to write his *Life*.

The above, the main work of the Society, will be done as in ordinary Literary and Scientific Societies, by Meetings, Papers, and Discussions; the Papers being shorter, and the Discussions much fuller, than in other bodies. The Society's first Meeting was held on Friday, March 13, at 8 p.m., at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C., as the Committee of the Council of the College have been good enough to grant the use of the College rooms to the *New Shakspere Society* at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wisht for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's *Transactions*, and will form *Series 1* of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the *New Shakspere Society's* work will be the publication of—2. A Series of SHAKSPERE'S Plays, beginning with the best or most instructive Quartos, both singly, and in parallel Texts with other sketch-Quartos or the Folio, whén the Play exists in both forms; and when not, from the Folio only. This Series will include a. Reprints of the Quartos and first Folio; b. trial-editions of the whole of *Shakspere's Plays* in the spelling of the Quarto or Folio that is taken as the basis of the Text. 3. A Series of the *Originals and Analogues of Shakspere's Plays*, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; 4. A short Series of *Shakspere-Allusion Books*, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding-to or mentioning SHAKSPERE or his works; 5. A Selection from the *Contemporary Drama*, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; 6. *Works on Shakspere's England*, such as Harrison's celebrated *Description of England*, W. Stafford's *Complaint*, &c.; 7. A chronological Series of English *Mysteries*, *Miracle-Plays*, *Interludes*, *Masks*, *Comedies*, &c., up to Shakspere's time; 8. *Miscellanies*, including (at Mr Tennyson's suggestion) some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite handwritings, to show what letters would be most easily mistaken by printers; and (at Mrs G. H. Lewes's suggestion) reprints of last-century criticisms on SHAKSPERE, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's *Transactions* will be in 8vo; its *Texts* will be issued in a handsome quarto, the quarto for Members only; but as the Society's work is essentially one of popularisation, of stirring-up the intelligent study of SHAKSPERE among all classes in England and abroad, all such publications of the Society as the Committee think fit, will be printed in a cheap form, for general circulation.

The Presidency of the Society will be left vacant till one of our greatest living poets sees that his duty is to take it. A long list of Vice-Presidents is desired, men eminent in Literature, Art, Science, Statesmanship or rank, as well to do honour to SHAKSPERE, as to further the work of the

<sup>1</sup> The doubtful Plays like Hen. VI, Titus Andronicus, Pericles (of which Mr Tennyson has convinced me that Shakspere wrote at least the parts in which Pericles loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, Part 1), The Two Noble Kinsmen (see *West. Rev.*, April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part 1), &c.,

could be discussst here. The Plays just mentiond will be edited for the Society.

<sup>2</sup> The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI would be set beside 'The first part of the contention' and 'the true tragedy'; 'The Merry Wives' by its first sketch, &c.

<sup>3</sup> In the first Trial-editions of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followd.

Society on him. I hope for a thousand members—many from our Colonies, the United States, and Germany; so that the Society may be a fresh bond of union between the three great Teutonic nations of the world. I hope our *New Shakspere Society* will last as long as SHAKSPERE is studied. I hope also that every Member of the Society will do his best to form Shakspere Reading-parties, to read the Plays chronologically, and discuss each after its reading, in every set of people, Club or Institute, that he belongs to: there are few better ways of spending three hours of a winter evening indoors, or a summer afternoon on the grass. Branch Societies, or independent ones in union with us, should also be formed to promote these Readings, and the general study of SHAKSPERE, in their respective localities. To such Societies as wish it, proofs of the Papers to be read in London will be sent in advance, so that each such Society can, if it pleases, read at each of its Meetings the same Paper that is read at the Parent Society on the same night.

The Society will be managed by a Committee of Workers, with power to add to their number. The first Director will be myself, the Founder of the Society. Its Treasurer will be William Payne, Esq., The Keep, Forest Hill, London, S.E.; its Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.; its Bank, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.; its printers, Messrs Childs, Bungay, Suffolk; and its publishers, Messrs Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The subscription (which constitutes Membership, without election or payment of entrance-fee) is a Guinea a year, payable on every first of January to the *Honorary Secretary*, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., by cheque, or Money Order payable at the Chief Office, E.C. The first year's subscription is now due.

United States Members who wish their books posted to them, must pay 3s. a year extra in advance, with their Subscription, to Mr Snelgrove, or to Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Society's *Honorary Secretary* for the United States of America.

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

28 March, 1874.

3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.

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## LIST OF MEMBERS.

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